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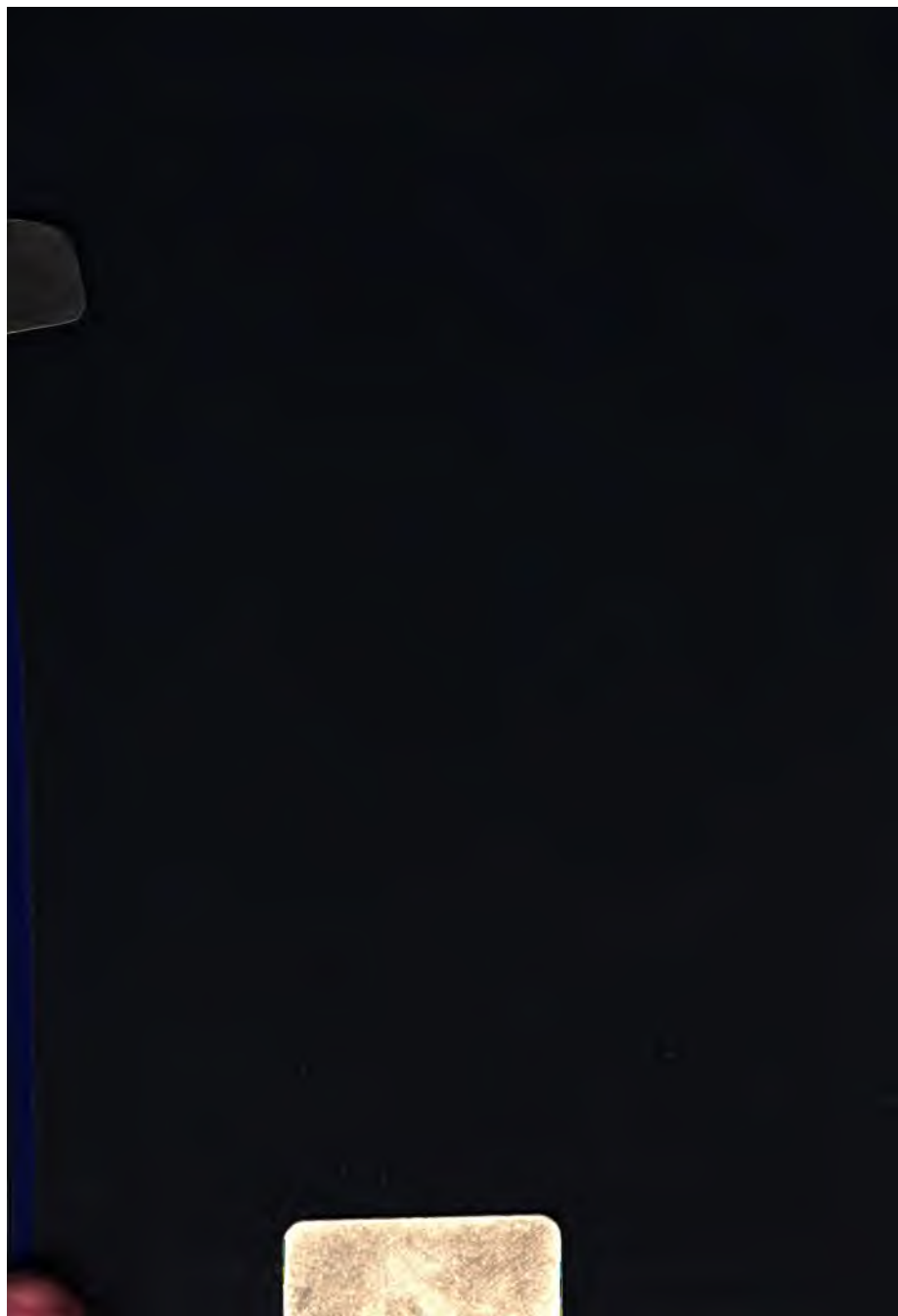
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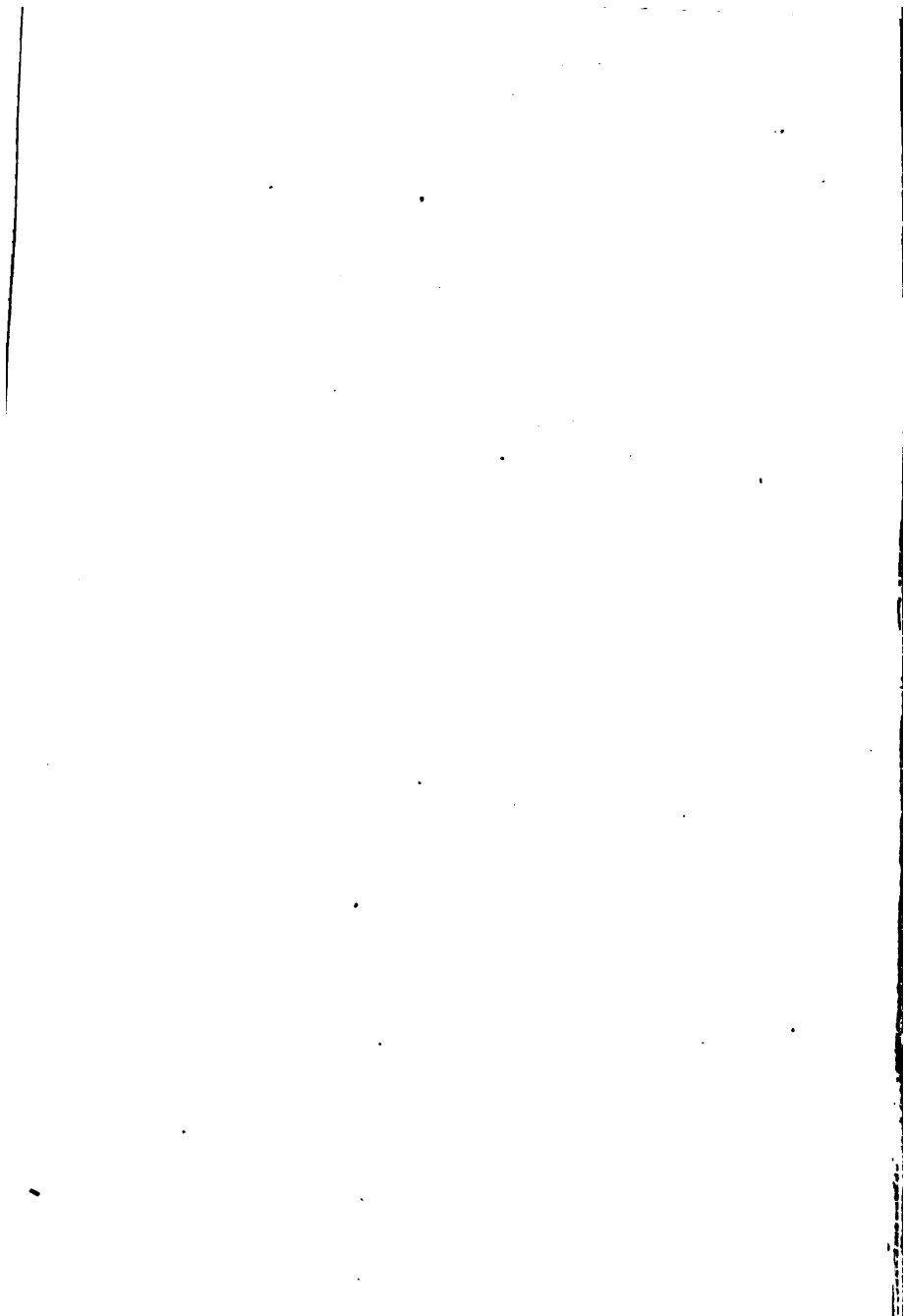
HYMNS OF THE CHURCH



REV. JOHN WALLACE, D.D.







HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

*TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL
INTO ENGLISH VERSE.*

BY

REV. JOHN WALLACE, D.D.

"I will sing with the spirit: I will sing also with the understanding."
—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

Permissu Superiorum.



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PREFACE.

THE Author feels that some apology is due for the appearance of this little work. The Hymns of the Church have already been translated into English verse by much more accomplished authors, and with far greater success than this work can lay claim to ; nevertheless, the Author would plead in extenuation of his presumption, that the work was commenced, without any idea of publication, to occupy the few and brief intervals which he could find amidst the labours of an arduous mission of which he has the sole charge.

As the work progressed, it occurred to him to give it forth to the public, with the view of devoting the proceeds, if any, to the support of a mission which is perhaps the most destitute in the whole kingdom. The Author takes this opportunity of acknowledging the great assistance he has received from the Rev. W. Baines, to whose correction this work was submitted.

JOHN WALLACE.

EAST GREENWICH,
Feast of St Joseph, 1874.





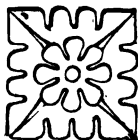
INTRODUCTION.

TEMPLE of song ! upraised by pious hands,
The willing instruments of loving hearts,
How spacious are thy courts ! how many gems
Reflect the splendour of the Light Divine
Which shines in thee ! Thy massive strength is based
Upon the rock which Christ Himself has laid,
Nor less the grace which decks thy towering spires,
Which, as they rise, claim kindred with the stars.
And, when I enter in, methinks I see,
Like Israel of old, the Angel-choirs
Ascending and descending in bright throngs ;
And in their hands are many-wreathed shells,
With which they gather up the lingering notes
Of harmony which float about the fane,
And pour them forth before the throne of God
In one sweet concord of melodious praise.

O blessed fane ! in thee are treasured up
The hallowed memories of all Christian time.
Thou art the true interpreter, whose voice
Makes all created things to sing aloud
The praises of their God. Thy holy Light
Was never kindled at the grosser fires
Of earthly passion, but doth borrow that
With which the enraptured Seraphim do burn.
But, hark ! the organ peoples all the air
With sounds that stir the soul : I seem to see
The long procession winding through the aisles.
How true the word the inspired Psalmist spoke,
That God doth glory in the assembled Saints !
There are the Apostles, chosen by His grace
To be the pillars of His holy Church ;
The Martyrs, clad in stoles of purple hue,
And bearing in their hands victorious palms ;
The Doctors, who have kept the sacred trust
Of truth inviolate, and handed down
The torch of Faith, whose undefiled light
Shall be a beacon 'mid the shifting shoals
Which worldly wisdom calls philosophy ;
The Bishops and Confessors who have trod
In His blest footsteps whom they now adore,
With holy rapture burning in His Sight ;
The Virgins, who surround their heavenly Spouse,
Where He doth go they are His chosen train,

And on their lips sweet canticles of praise,
Which they have caught from the Angelic lyres—
None else but virgins may those hymns intone.
All these, and thousands more, of every clime,
Redeemed by Blood of Christ, from every age
And tongue and nation, come in glittering throngs
To adore the Word Incarnate, now enthroned ;
In majesty arrayed, as with a robe,
Whose warp and woof His twofold nature is,
Divine and human, in One Self Divine,
Indissolubly knit together, yet
Not mixed, and unconfounded each with each :
His Hand doth wield the sceptre of His power ;
His Eye doth beam with lustre of His grace ;
The radiant splendour of His lovely Brow
Fills all the temple with a flood of light,
And kindles sparks of fire in all the gems
Which glitter in the crowns of those who bend
In lowly adoration at His Feet ;
While at His Side, upon another throne,
His Virgin-Mother shines, with glory less
Than His, from Whom those rays are borrowed,
But greater far than all the beams combined
Of Angels and of Saints who throng that court ;
Her mantle far outshines the noonday sun ;
The fair moon pales its splendour 'neath Her feet,
Twelve glittering stars adorn her comely head.

O Mary ! Mother of thy God and ours,
Permit us, weary pilgrims, exiles yet,
To join our hymns with that thrice holy song,
Ascending still before the throne of God ;
And when our weary pilgrimage is o'er,
May we, no longer exiles, in His Sight
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, unto Him.





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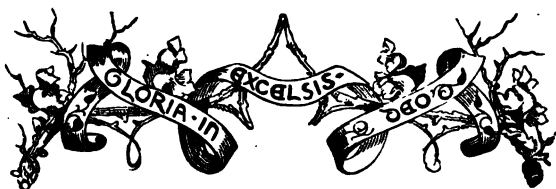
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Hymns for the Seasons.

SUNDAY AT MATINS.





Sunday at Matins.



Advent.

Verbum supernum prodiens.



WORD, proceeding from Thy Home
Where Thou dost dwell—the Father's
Breast—

And when the appointed time was come,
Didst deign to be Thy creature's Guest,

Fill Thou our minds with heavenly light,
And with Thy Love our hearts inflame ;
That shunning all this World's delight,
The joys of Heaven may be our aim.

So when the awful judgment-seat
Shall smite the guilty with its brand,
Thy kindly Voice the good may greet,
And bid them with Thy just to stand.

Let not the gloomy depths of Hell
Engulf our souls in lurid fires ;
But grant us in Thy Light to dwell
Amid the enraptured angel-choirs.

To Father and the Son we bow ;
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore :
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.

**From the Octave of the Epiphany to the First Sunday of
Lent, and from the First Sunday of October to the
First Sunday of Advent.**

Primo die, quo Trinitas.

THIS day, when the Eternal Three
Created all things by His Breath,
And when our Saviour set us free,
Rising triumphant over death,

Bid slumbering fancies take their flight,
And quickly let us all arise,
To seek our God in prayer by night,
For thus the inspired Prophet cries.

That He may hear us who implore
The aid of His Almighty Hand,
That He would cleanse us, and restore
Our birthright in the starry land ;

That we, who at this solemn hour
Of silent night arise to sing
His praises, may receive the dower,
The blessed dower His Grace doth bring.

O Purity Divine ! we trust
In Thee, to whom we cry amain ;
Subdue the fires of sinful lust,
And every hurtful act restrain ;

That so no wanton thoughts or aims
May stain this fragile frame of ours,
Nor add fresh fuel to the flames
Which burn in Tophet's cruel towers.

Redeemer of the World ! we pray,
Absolve from sin our guilty soul,
Bestow on us Thy Grace alway,
Until we reach life's glorious goal.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, whilst the ages run.

From the First Sunday of Lent to Passion Sunday.*Ex more docti mystico.*

COME let us keep this solemn fast,
An ancient rite of mystic force,
Until the lapse of time is past,
And forty days have run their course.

The Law and Prophets witness bear
To this great rite ; while Christ, our Lord,
The Ruler of the gliding year,
Confirms it by His act and word.

Then let us all excesses shun
In speech, in food, in drink, in sleep ;
Unseemly mirth must now be gone,
Whilst o'er ourselves strict watch we keep.

Let us avoid vain pomp and show
That can the wandering mind betray ;
Nor let us give our crafty foe
Advantage to exert his sway.

Prostrate before the Judge's throne,
Let us disarm His vengeful ire ;
With many a sigh, and many a moan,
Let us implore, nor ever tire.

“ By our offence we have transgressed,
'Gainst Thee, O God, who art so good ;
Now pardon what we have confessed,
Who didst redeem us by the Rood.

“ Be mindful that Thyself didst frame
The fragile nature which we own ;
Let not our foe dominion claim
O'er that which Thou hast made Thine own.

“ Forgive the evil we have done,
Increase the grace we now implore,
That we may stand before Thy throne,
And sing Thy praise for evermore.”

Grant us, O blessed Three in One,
And undivided Godhead blest,
When this our solemn fast is done,
The guerdon of Eternal Rest.

From Passion Sunday to Easter.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

SING, my tongue, the glorious laurel
Won in that most famous quarrel
When the Saviour of the World
Powers of Darkness backwards hurled ;

Sing the triumph of the Rood
Reddened with our Saviour's Blood.

When the father of our race
Fell from his estate of grace,
Tasting the forbidden fruit,
Death for life was substitute ;
But our Maker's deep compassion
Wrought redemption in this fashion :—
That the tree which did entice
For that sin should pay the price.

By this artifice was wrought
Our salvation dearly bought ;
Thus the Serpent's craft was 'guiled
By the craft of Mary's Child :
From the tree's envenomed root
Sprang Redemption's gracious fruit.

When the time was therefore come,
He who framed this mighty dome,
Leaving His celestial Home,
Entered in the Virgin's womb ;
Taking flesh of His own creature,
Deigned to share our fallen nature.

In the manger-bed He lies,
Uttering childhood's wailing cries :

See, His Virgin Mother's hands
Swathe His tender Limbs in bands.
O what mystery profound !
Hands and Feet of God are bound !

Endless glory be to Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity ;
Father, Son, and Spirit blest :—
Equal glory be confessed
To the sacred Three in One,
While the ages onward run.

Easter-tide.

Rex sempiternæ Cœlitum.

ETERNAL KING of all the spheres,
Who didst command the stars to shine,
Co-equal in the eternal years,
With God the Father, Son Divine !

When yet the World was young, Thy skill
Had traced Thine Image on the brow
Of Adam, whom Thy Breath did fill
With an immortal spirit now.

But when the rancour of the foe
Had stained with guilt the human race,
Thou didst take flesh, thus to undo
What was undone, by Thy sweet Grace.

As Thou wert once of Virgin born,
So from the tomb Thou'rt born again ;
Thou bidst us rise with Thee this morn
In graves of sin who long have lain.

Eternal Shepherd, Thou dost lave
Thy flock in fountains of Thy Grace ;
Here all our sins now find a grave,
Here wandering feet their steps retrace.

That Cross which was so long our due,
To save Thy flock Thou didst embrace,
And with Thy Blood Thou didst imbrue,—
The precious price of saving grace.

That Thou mayst bring true paschal joy,
O Jesus, to our troubled mind,
Restore to life the souls that die,
That all in Thee true life may find.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Pentecost.

Jam Christus astra ascenderat.

Now Christ beyond the stars is gone,
Unto the throne from which He came,
Soon to bestow the Father's Boon,
The Spirit's Unction and His Flame.

The revolution of the sphere,
With sevenfold seven-times mystic round,
Brought on the day of all the year
Which most in blessings doth abound.

'Tis now the third hour of the day,
A mighty sound the air now rends,
Brings tidings to the Twelve who pray,
That God the Holy Ghost descends.

So is He then the glowing Fire
Of the Eternal Father's Beams ;
He comes their faithful hearts t' inspire,
To fill them with His fervent streams.

With inward ardour now they burn,
Urged by the Holy Spirit's Grace ;
To speak in diverse tongues they learn,
The Almighty's wondrous works they praise.

The Nations in amazement stand,
Roman, Barbarian, and Greek ;
Each hears the tongue of his own land
Whilst the inspired Apostles speak.

Then Juda's faithless people rave
Against the Twelve, and dare to call
Them drunk with wine, who seek to save
The souls of men from sinful thrall.

But Peter speaks, and clearly shows
The meaning of these wondrous signs,
Confutes the slanders of their foes
Condemned by Joel's mystic lines.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Trinity Sunday.

Summæ Parens Clementiæ.

GREAT Source of Goodness ! Godhead blest !
Who rulest all the World's vast frame,
One God in substance still confessed,
In Persons Three Thou art the same.

Give Thy Right Hand to us who rise,
Our minds to thoughts sublime upraise,
That we may sing with joyful cries
The grateful tribute of our praise.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
For ever, while the ages run.

**From the Octave of Pentecost to the First Sunday of
October.**

Nocte surgentes, vigilemus omnes.

COME let us all arise, and keep the watches of the night,
And let us meditate upon the enraptured Psalmist's flight.
Come let us sing the praises of our God, the Lord of might.
Swell the sweet chorus.

That whilst we sing His praises, whom we honour as
our King,
We may deserve to enter there, where Saints His praises
sing,
And in the courts of Heaven rejoice, where angels in
a ring,
Praise Him for ever.

O grant us this, Thou Godhead blest ! O grant us this great
boon,
Thou Godhead of the Father named, and of the Eternal
Son,
And of the Spirit, whom the World proclaims in glory
One,
Reigning eternal !





Sunday at Lauds.

—o—

Advent.

En, clara vox redarguit.

HARK! hark! the voice of chanticleer
Awakes the echoes of the night!
Vain dreams depart! Lo! Jesus, near,
Stands radiant in the dawning light.

Now let our soul from sleep arise,
No longer prostrate on the ground;
Now doth our Day-Star light the skies,
Who comes to heal our every wound.

Behold! the Lamb of God is sent
To loose the bonds which bind us fast:
O let us all with one consent
Implore His mercy for the past!

That when He comes the second time,
To smite the World with judgment dire,
He may condone our grievous crime,
And shield us from His 'vengeful ire.

All honour, praise, and glory be
To God the Father and the Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onwards run.

**From the Octave of the Epiphany to the First Sunday of
Lent, and from the First Sunday of October to the
First Sunday of Advent.**

Eterne Rerum Conditor.

ETERNAL GOD, the Primal Cause !
The day and night obey Thy laws :
By Thy decree the seasons roll,
And soothe with change the weary soul.

Twilight, to cheer the traveller's sight,
Spreads blushes o'er the brow of night :
The herald of the jocund day
Summons the sunbeams' rosy ray.

The golden orb now greets the view,
The earth displays its wonted hue ;
The bandit, taught the light to shun,
Retreats before the rising sun.

The sailor shakes off drowsy sleep,
Calm lies the surface of the deep :
As crows the cock, St Peter hears,
Washing away his crime with tears.

Rise then from bed—no longer stay,
That summons shrill brooks no delay ;
For when the cock crows, he who lies
Longer abed, his Lord denies.

That ringing cry our hope sustains,
It cheers the sick man in his pains ;
The murderer hears, and sheathes his knife,
The wavering Christian gains new life.

Jesus ! our faltering footsteps guide,
And by Thy glance our wanderings chide :
Thy glance sweet pardon will impart ;
Our tears will wash the sinful heart.

O may Thy Light upon us dawn !
And wake our spirit from its swoon ;
May we be first to sing Thy praise,
And tribute of our vows to raise.

To God the Father glory be ;
His only Son, the like to Thee ;
To Holy Ghost, the promised One,
Both now and while the ages run.

From the first Sunday of Lent to Passion Sunday.

O Sol salutis, intimis.

O JESUS, Sun of Justice ! shine
Upon our hearts' most secret shrine !
Whilst o'er the earth the grateful light
Of daybreak steals upon the sight.

This is Thine own accepted time,
Grant us to wash away our crime ;
And may our hearts a victim prove,
Consumed by Thy seraphic Love.

May streams of tears ne'er cease to flow
Out of those founts of all our woe,
If but our stony hearts could brook
The rigour of the Lenten yoke.

Now comes the day, that day of Thine,
In whose soft light all things do shine ;

So may we too rejoice to tread
The path where Thy Right Hand hath led.

O may the prostrate World adore
Thy Godhead, Lord ! for evermore ;
And may we too, renewed by grace,
Intone new canticles of praise.

Passion Sunday to Easter.

Lustra sex qui jam peregit.

Now full thirty years are past,
And the time is now complete,
When the Saviour of the World
Freely goes His death to meet ;
Stretched upon the cruel tree,
There He bled and died for me.

Lo ! His thirst with gall is quenched,
Thorns and nails have done their part,
Blood, with water mingled, flows
From that spear-transfixèd Heart.
How the earth, the sky, the main
Glisten in that precious rain !

Faithful cross ! exalted wood,
Never tree was like to thee !
And no forest ever could
Bear such fruits, so fair to see.
Fair the nails ! the wood how fair !
Fair the Burden which they bear !

Lofty tree, thine arms abase !
Spare the Frame which hangs on thee !
Let thy native sternness yield,
And for once indulgent be.
Let His royal Members find
Rest, upon thine arms reclined.

Thou alone wert meet to bear
Him who saved us by His Grace,
Thou the ark which refuge gave
To the shipwrecked human race,
Ark, besprinkled with the Blood
Of the spotless Lamb of God.

Endless glory be proclaimed
To the blessed Trinity—
To the Father and the Son
Equal glory, and to Thee,
Spirit blest ! With one acclaim
Let the World adore Thy Name.

Easter-tide.

Aurora coelum purpurat.

THE purple dawn o'erspreads the sky,
The air resounds with tuneful lays,
The World awakes with cries of joy,
Hell trembles to its horrid base,

While He, our valiant Lord and King,
Breaks through the prison of the grave,
The captive Fathers forth to bring
Unto the light for which they crave.

For He, whose tomb a stone did seal,
And guarded was on every side,
Rises triumphant to repeal
The law of death, in that He died.

No longer mourn, no longer weep,
No longer yield yourselves to woe,
Death's Conqueror rises from His sleep,
A glittering angel cries "'Tis so."

That Thou mayst bring true paschal joy,
O Jesus, to our troubled mind,
Restore to life the souls that die,
That all in Thee true life may find.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Pentecost.

Beata nobis gaudia.

THE circling year brings back the day
Of Pentecost, that joyful feast
When Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
Upon the Apostles deigned to rest.

The lambent streams of dazzling light,
Like flaming tongues, dart to and fro ;
That so their lips may utterance find,
And hearts with fervent love o'erflow.

The nations wonder as they hear,
And deem them drunk with new-made wine,
As each doth hear his native tongue
From lips inspired by grace divine.

A mystic rite is thus fulfilled,
Concluded now the Paschal Feast ;
The solemn time has run its course,
The law¹ gives pardon for the past.

¹ Lev. xxv. 10.

O God most gracious ! hear our prayer,
As to the ground we lowly bend.
Grant that Thy Spirit from above
Into our hearts may now descend ;

Those hearts which Thou hast long possessed,
And filled with Thy abundant Grace.
Blot out the record of our crimes,
And grant us Thy most blessed Peace.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Trinity Sunday.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

THOU Godhead One in Persons Three !
Who rulest all the World with might,
List to the hymns we sing to Thee,
Who watch the dawning of the light.

The morning-star begins to glow,
Day's messenger proclaims the morn,
Light steals o'er Nature's darkened brow,
O may Thy Light our souls adorn.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

From the Octave of Pentecost to the First Sunday of
October.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

SEE ! how the shadows of the night
Depart like empty dreams,
See ! how aurora gilds the sky
With many-tinted beams ;
Then let us praise the Lord of all
With melody of hymns,
Humbly adoring.

That He may take compassion on
Our sinful state, and chase
The anguish of our souls away,
And grant us His sweet Grace ;
That He may bring us to enjoy
The blessings of His Peace,
Always enduring.

O grant us this, Thou Godhead blest!
O grant us this great boon,
Thou Godhead of the Father named,
And of the Eternal Son,
And of the Spirit, whom the World
Proclaims in glory One,
Reigning eternal!





Little Hours.



At Prime.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

THE day-star shows his radiant face,
Let us pour forth our suppliant vows,
That God may guide us by His Grace,
And all our daily acts dispose.

That He may teach us to restrain
Our tongue from jarring discord's strife,
To veil our eyes, that nothing vain
May tempt the soul with passions rife.

Let all our thoughts be pure and chaste,
All sinful indolence repel ;
Let frugal meals subdue the taste
Which prompts the body to rebel.

That when the day declines again,
And night comes on its wonted way,
We may be free from every stain,
And fitly sing the Vesper lay.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Tierce.

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.

O HOLY SPIRIT, ever blest !
One God with Father, and with Son,
Now deign to come from Heaven, and rest
Within the breasts which are Thine own.

Our lips, our tongue, our mind endow,
With grace to sing Thy praises due ;
Let love's bright flame within us glow,
And kindle love in others too.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

At Sext.

Rector potens, verax Deus.

O GOD of Truth and Lord of Might !
The times and seasons own Thy Power ;
The morning with its blaze of light,
The noontide with its sultry hour.

Quench Thou the flames of angry strife,
Cause Thou the fire of lust to cease ;
Grant to our bodies health and life,
And to our conscience Thy true Peace.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

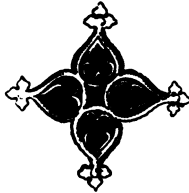
At None.

Rerum Deus, tenax vigor.

CREATOR ! whose almighty Power,
Itself unmoved, doth rule the day,
In alternation, hour by hour ;
The times and seasons own Thy sway.

O, when the evening of our days
Is come, bestow Thy gracious Light,
To cheer with hope our dying gaze,
Enraptured with Thy blessed sight.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.





At Vespers.



Lucis Creator optime.



GREAT Creator of the light,
From whom the days their beams derive,
The World Thou didst ordain aright
When darkness with the light did strive.

By Thy command the eve and morn
Together linked, are called the day,
Succeeding chaos' void forlorn ;
O hear our sighs and vows, we pray.

Let not our soul, weighed down with sin,
Languish for want of heavenly grace ;
Forgetting there's a prize to win,
The soul is snared in evil ways.

O let us knock at Heaven's gate,
And strive to gain the heavenly prize ;
Let us avoid what God doth hate,
And cleanse what doth offend His Eyes.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

Advent.

Creator alme siderum.

O GREAT Creator of the sky,
Light of the faithful, Jesus dear !
Who for mankind didst deign to die,
O deign our suppliant prayers to hear.

The World betrayed by Satan's guile
Had perished, but Thy Love constrained
Thyself to tarry here awhile,
And plead for man by God arraigned.

To pay our ransom, Thou didst fare
From Virgin's womb to Calvary's throne ;
A Victim, Thou didst never share
The crime for which Thou didst atone.

Both Heaven and Hell Thy Power proclaim,
Thy Glory fills the firmament,
And at the sound of Thy dread Name
Each trembling knee is lowly bent.

O Thou who on the last great day
Wilt judge the World—that day of woe—
Shield us with heavenly grace, we pray—
Defend us from our bitter foe.

All honour, praise, and glory be
To God the Father, and the Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onwards run.

Lent.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

O KIND Creator, hear our prayer,
While down our cheeks a torrent pours,
In this most sacred Lenten fast ;
For forty days, while it endures.

Thy kindly Eye doth search the heart,
Thou seest all our misery ;
Those Eyes of mercy deign to cast
On us who now return to Thee.

Our sin is great, but deign to spare
The sinners who their sins confess ;
And for the glory of Thy Name,
Absolve all sinners who transgress.

O grant that we may, by our fast,
Beneath the yoke our bodies bring !
Grant that our souls may fast from crime
Nor ever taste each noxious thing.

Grant us, O blessed Three in One,
And undivided Godhead blest,
When this our solemn fast is o'er,
The guerdon of Eternal Rest.

Passiontide.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

THE banners of our King advance,
Resplendent shines the saving Cross,
Where Life was put to death, and by
His Death redeemed Life's fatal loss.

His Side is pierced with cruel lance,
And from that wound His Blood is spilt ;
That Blood with water mingled flows
To wash away the whole World's guilt.

Now is fulfilled the faithful song
Which holy David sang of Thee¹
Unto the nations—God hath reigned,
A tree His lofty throne shall be.

O tree with royal grace adorned !
O tree most beautiful and fair !
Choice scion of a worthy stock,
Such holy members thou didst bear.

Blest be the Cross upon whose arms
The Saviour of the World reclined ;
Balance in which our sins were weighed,
Releasing those whom Hell would bind.

O saving Cross, our only hope !
At this most solemn Passion-time
Increase the just with every grace,
Blot out the guilty sinner's crime.

O Fount of Grace ! O Trinity !
May every tongue Thy praise confess,
That through the triumph of the Cross
We may eternal joys possess.

¹ Ps. xcv. 10.

Easter-tide.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

COME to the Lamb's right royal feast,
Come, clad in robes of shining white ;
For He hath crossed the blood-red sea,
And hath fulfilled the mystic rite.

His Love bids us drink of the flood
Which flows from every sacred vein ;
Those members too, once racked for us,
Love sacrifices for our gain.

The angel sees the stain of blood
Upon the doors, and passes by ;
A path is cleft across the main,
Drowned in the depths the foemen lie.

Who is our Pasch but Christ the Lord !
May He our Paschal Victim be !
The soul that's pure shall eat that Pasch
In unalloyed sincerity.

Victim of Peace 'twixt Earth and Heaven !
The powers of Hell are overthrown,
The chains of death no longer bind,
The crown of life is now Thine own.

Triumphant o'er His vanquished foes,
Christ waves His trophies to the wind ;
The king of darkness now is bound,
And Heaven is opened to mankind.

That Thou mayst bring true Paschal joy,
O Jesus, to our troubled mind,
Redeem us from the death of sin,
That all in Thee true life may find.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
Like glory to the Paraclete ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Pentecost.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

CREATOR SPIRIT ! be our Guest,
And ever make our hearts Thy throne ;
With heavenly grace fill every breast,
Who didst create them for Thine own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
And blessed gift of God above ;
The Fount of Life, the glowing Heat,
Whose Unction fills the soul with love.

Thy sevenfold gifts Thy Power attest,
Creative Force which never tires,
The Father's promised Gift confessed,
Whose eloquence our lips inspires.

May Thy pure Light upon us shine,
And kindle in our hearts Thy Love !
Strengthen our mortal frames, which pine,
With heavenly vigour from above.

Drive far away the subtle foe,
Grant us henceforth in peace to dwell ;
Thy Hand shall lead us as we go,
And every danger far repel.

Grant us the Father's Face to see,
And see His one-begotten Son ;
May we always believe in Thee, .
Spirit of Both, in glory One.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

Trinity Sunday.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

THE fiery sun recedes from sight,
Eternal Light—one God confessed—
In Persons Three !—pour down Thy Light,
And with Thy Love inflame each breast.

We praise Thee with our Matin song,
We praise Thee with our Vesper hymn ;
O deign to grant Thy suppliant throng
To praise Thee with the Seraphim !

To Father and the Son we bow ;
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore :
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.





At Compline.



Te Lucis ante terminum.

BEFORE the waning of the light,
Creator ! hear our humble prayer ;
Be Thou our Guardian through the night,
Whose Mercy shields us everywhere.

O may no dreams our souls beguile,
Nor dismal phantoms of the night ;
Lest he our bodies should defile,
Bind fast our foe with heavenly might.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
Grant this, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.



Hymns from Ferial Office.



AT MATINS, LAUDS, AND VESPERS.



10. 11. 2019

11. 11. 2019

12. 11. 2019

13. 11. 2019

14. 11. 2019

15. 11. 2019

16. 11. 2019

17. 11. 2019

18. 11. 2019

19. 11. 2019

20. 11. 2019

21. 11. 2019



Hymns from Ferial Office.



AT MATINS, LAUDS, AND VESPERS.





Ferial Office.

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MONDAY.

At Matins.

Somno reffectis artubus.

NOW that our limbs, refreshed by sleep,
New vigour gain, let us arise ;
O Heavenly Father, deign to keep
Thine Ear attentive to our cries.

Thine be the Name our tongue shall sing,
And let our mind with Thee discourse ;
Be Thou our Sovereign Lord and King,
Of all our acts the Holy Source.

As darkness to the light gives place,
And night gives way before the sun,
So may the light of heavenly grace
Undo the ill which night hath done.

We beg Thee, on our bended knee,
To pardon all our guilty crime,
That we who sing our hymns to Thee,
May sing Thy praises for all time.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
Grant this, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ.

SPLENDOUR of glory all divine !
Light-born, the Source of Light art Thou,
The Fount of Life, whence all things shine,
Thou Day who bidst the day-star glow !

Dawn on our hearts with Thy bright beams,
Whose radiant splendour ne'er decays,
And pour on us the fertile streams
Of Thy most holy Spirit's Grace.

The Father too, let us adore ;
Father of mighty grace sublime,
Father of Glory, we implore
Thy pardon for our wanton crime.

Give strength unto our feeble arms,
And curb the spite of rancour's tooth;
Redeem us from mishap's alarms,
And guide our actions by Thy Truth.

Preserve our soul from every blame,
And aught that can the mind defile;
And purify our faith's clear flame,
That it may know not falsehood's guile.

Let Jesus be our daily food,
Our only drink His saving Faith,
And may we quaff in joyful mood
The outpouring of the Spirit's Breath.

O may this day in joy run on !
Be chaste and candid as the dawn ;
Our faith as bright as noonday sun,
From doubtful twilight far withdrawn.

Aurora opes her lucid wells ;
O may that blessed light lead on
The Son who in the Father dwells,
And Father wholly in the Son !

To God the Father glory be,
And glory to His only Son ;
Glory, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Vespers.

Immense Cœli Conditor.

GREAT Creator of the sky !
Who didst guide the flowing waters,
By the firmament on high
Bounded in their proper quarters,

Thou didst poise the starry spheres ;
Thou didst bid the rivulets run,
Tempering by their trickling tears
Fervid heat of noontide sun.

God most gracious ! deign to pour
Gifts of grace which never cease,
Lest our enemy of yore
Tempt us with his new deceits.

Let the lamp of faith burn clear,
Shedding 'round its searching beam,
By whose light all things appear
What they are—not what they seem.

Grant this grace, O Father blest !
Grant this, Thou, His only Son !
Holy Ghost ! one God confessed,
Reigning while the ages run.

TUESDAY.

At Matins.

Consors Paterni luminis.

THOU Brightness of the Father's Light !
Substantial Light ! Eternal Day !
We break the silence of the night,
Assist us whilst our vows we pay.

Chase darkness from our mind and heart,
Put all the hosts of Hell to flight ;
Bid slumber from our eyes depart,
That we may watch in prayer this night.

So mayst Thou, Lord, Thy mercy show
To all who keep their faith in Thee,
That whilst we sing Thy praises now
Thy blessing may our guerdon be.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
Grant this, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

*At Lauds.**Ales Diei nuntius.*

THE noisy herald of the day
Proclaims the near approach of light ;
Christ bids us rise to watch and pray,
And gird us for the daily fight.

“ Arise from bed,” He cries, “ Arise !
Be sober now, be just and pure ;
Arise ! and ope your drowsy eyes ;
Awake ! behold Me at the door.”

O let us call on Jesus dear,
Whilst we our tearful vigils keep ;
The fervour of our earnest prayer
Forbids us to prolong our sleep.

Do Thou, O Lord, keep us awake,
And loose the bonds which night hath tied,
The chains of sinful habits break ;
May Thy new Light our footsteps guide.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Vespers.

Telluris alme Conditor.

O BLEST Creator of the earth !
Whose Word the elements did sever ;
Dry land appears, whose mighty girth
Remains immovable for ever,

That it might prove a fruitful field,
And blossom with each lovely flower,
And waving crops their produce yield
To fill the barns with bounteous store.

The soul that's seared with many a crime
Do Thou refresh by Thy sweet Grace,
And may our tears redeem the time
Which we have spent in evil ways.

May we Thy just commands obey,
May we avoid each evil thing,
And may Thy blessing with us stay,
May we not feel death's fatal sting.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, whilst the ages run.

WEDNESDAY.

At Matins.

Rerum Creator optime.

O GREAT Creator of the orb !
Behold us now, our actions guide ;
Let sleep no more our sense absorb,
And loose the chains which night hath tied.

O Saviour blest ! we humbly pray,
Absolve us from our every sin ;
Who rise our plighted vows to pay,
The precious hours of night to win.

We lift our hearts, our hands on high,
As bids the Prophet, in the night ;
The Apostle echoes back the cry,
Our model in the Christian fight.

Thou seest the evil we have done,
Our hidden sins we now confess,
Our prayers we pour, we sigh and moan,
Forgive us sinners who transgress.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, whilst the ages run.

At Lauds.

Nox et tenebræ et nubila.

BEGONE, dark night ! ye mists, disperse !
Ye shadows brooding o'er the plain ;
Once more the light the gloom doth pierce,
Christ comes to visit us again.

The mists which hid the earth from view
Are scattered by the sun's first ray ;
All things regain their wonted hue,
And, radiant, greet the new-born day.

Thee only, Lord, do we adore
In singleness of heart and mind ;
And whilst we sing, we Thee implore
With tears that we may mercy find.

The many shapes which falsehood wears
Shall stand revealed in Thy pure Light ;
Do Thou, true Light of all the spheres,
Shed over us Thy Radiance bright.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

*At Vespers.**Cæli Deus sanctissime.*

O GOD of Heaven ! most holy ! Thou
Dost tinge with light the dawning east ;
By Thy decree morn's blushing brow
With growing splendour is increased.

'Tis Thou dost kindle on this day
The fiery chariot of the sun ;
By Thee the pale moon finds her way,
And wandering stars their courses run.

Such are Thy laws that men may know
The intervals that do divide
The days and nights which onward flow,
Thus new-born months are signified.

Chase from our hearts the shades of night,
And cleanse our soul from guilty stain ;
Break loose the bonds which check our flight,
Release us from remorseful pain.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

THURSDAY.

At Matins.

Nox atra rerum contegit.

THE gloom of night o'ershadows now
The earth, and hides its varied hues;
To Thee on suppliant knee we bow,
Do not, just Judge, our prayer refuse.

O take away our dire offence,
And cleanse our soul from guilty stain;
Grant us to walk in innocence,
That we may never sin again.

The soul that feels the guilty sting
Is plunged in slumber's fatal swoon;
We yearn to rise, Thy praise to sing,
And seek Thy Grace, Redemption's boon.

Do Thou disperse the shades of night
That gather in our inmost heart,
That we may share the blessed light
Which to Thy Saints Thou dost impart.

Grant this, who art our Father dear!
And Thou, His own co-equal Son!
Grant this, O Spirit! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

SEE now the golden light appear,
Let darkness hide her pallid face,
That treacherous guide who brings us near,
By winding paths, the precipice.

O may this light bring peace and rest,
And purify us in Thy Sight ;
May no dark schemes torment our breast,
No word escape in truth's despite.

So let the day its course maintain,
So let our speech be true, the while ;
Let hands and eyes from sin refrain,
Lest sinful acts our sense defile.

There is a Witness lives on high,
Who every day sees every act,
Who never sleeps, His watchful eye
From morn to night surveys each fact.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Vespers.

Magnæ Deus potentie.

GREAT God of Power, at Thy command
The waters teem with living things :
Some for the watery ways are planned,
Some cleave the air with rapid wings.

Those Thou dost plunge in depths profound,
These in aerial circles soar ;
Thus all the parts of earth abound
With life derived from one great store.

Grant us, Thy servants whom Thy Blood
Doth cleanse as in a precious Bath,
To shun transgression's poisonous food,
Nor ever feel the pang of death.

So that no crime may weigh us down,
Nor confidence o'erweening raise,
Lest dark despair our spirit drown,
Or arrogance lead to disgrace.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

FRIDAY.

At Matins.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

THOU Godhead One in Persons Three
Who rulest all the World with might,
List to the hymn we sing to Thee,
Keeping the watches of the night.

The stillness of the midnight hour
Bids us arise from bed to weep ;
O deign Thy healing Grace to pour,
And wake our soul from guilty sleep.

Whate'er of sinful and impure,
Through demon's guile, the night has brought,
May Thy Almighty Power restore
To purity in act and thought.

May we be pure from every stain,
And let no languor weigh us down ;
Do Thou the tempter's wiles restrain,
Lest conscious guilt our fervour drown.

For this, Redeemer, now we pray,
That Thou wouldst fill us with Thy Light,
That in the circle of the day
Our actions Thou wouldst guide aright.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Æterna Cœli gloria.

ETERNAL glory of the sky !
Blest hope of every mortal breast !
The only Son of God Most High,
And Child of Mary—Virgin blest !

Give Thy Right Hand to us who rise,
Our minds to thoughts sublime upraise,
That we may sing with joyful cries
The grateful tribute of our praise.

The morning star begins to glow, '
Day's messenger proclaims the morn,
Light steals o'er Nature's darkened brow,
O may Thy Light our souls adorn.

May it abide with us always,
And chase away all worldly gloom,
And keep our hearts in Thy sweet Grace
Until the last great day of doom.

May Faith long-sought strike deep its root
Within our soul ; may Hope that cheers
Be fraught with promise of the fruit
Which Love brings forth in endless years.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Vespers.

Hominis superne Conditor.

SUPREME Creator of mankind,
Disposing all things by Thy might,
Thou bidst the earth each varied kind
Of beasts and reptiles bring to light.

By Thy command a subtle force
The mighty mass of things doth fill,
Throughout the seasons' changing course
Subservient to Thy creatures' will.

Subdue the passions' guilty sway
Which urge us onward to rebel,
Which lead the erring soul astray,
Suggesting sin with fatal spell.

Grant us the crown of heavenly life,
Grant us the gifts of heavenly grace ;
Far banish all discordant strife,
Bind fast the blessed bonds of peace.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

SATURDAY.

At Matins.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

GREAT Source of Goodness, Godhead blest !
Who rulest all the World's vast frame ;
One God in Substance still confessed,
In Persons Three Thou art the same.

May we Thy mercy now obtain,
Whose weeping eyes their torrents pour,
That pure from every sordid stain,
We may enjoy Thy Presence more.

O deign to burn with searching fire
Our sinful parts, that we may be
Well girded for the combat dire,
From wanton lust's dominion free.

O may all we who wake the hour—
The hour of night with hymns of praise,
Receive the ever-blessed dower,
The rapturous vision of Thy Face.

Grant this, who art our Father dear !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.

It Lands.

Aurora jam spargit polum.

AURORA now illumes the sky,
Morn breaks upon the slumbering earth,
The sun darts up his beams on high—
Away with slumber's wanton mirth !

Begone, ye phantoms of the night !
And let our soul from sin arise,
Released from slumber's evil plight
When gloomy darkness veiled our eyes.

Let this our last petition be,
That morning may diffuse its rays
Of light, as on our bended knee
We wake its echoes with our praise.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Vespers.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

THE fiery sun recedes from sight,
Eternal Light—One God confessed—
In Persons Three!—pour down Thy Light,
And with Thy Love inflame each breast.

We praise Thee with our Matin song,
We praise Thee with our Vesper hymn ;
O deign to grant Thy suppliant throng
To praise Thee with the Seraphim !

To Father and the Son we bow ;
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore :
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.





Hymns from Feasts of our Lord.



AT MATINS, LAUDS, AND VESPER.





Feasts of our Lord.



CHRISTMAS.

At Matins and Vespers.

Jesu, Redemptor omnium.

JESUS, Saviour of mankind,
Who, before the light did dawn,
With the Father equal shined,
Of the Eternal Father born.

Splendour of the Father, Thou,
Hope of all which never fails,
Hear the prayers Thy servants now
Utter in these tearful vales.

Lord, remember Thou didst once
Our frail nature's shape assume,
As the angel did announce,
Blessed Fruit of Mary's womb !

And this day bears witness now—
Day most hallowed of the year—
From the Father's Bosom Thou
Didst descend the World to spare.

Lo ! the skies, the earth, the main—
All that under Heaven lies—
Greet Thee with a joyful strain,
Who didst pay salvation's price.

And to Thee, who by Thy Blood
Didst for our transgression pay,
We will sing in joyful mood
Hymns to greet Thy natal day.

Jesus, born of Virgin blest,
Endless glory be to Thee,
With the Father God confessed,
And the Spirit—One and Three.

At Lauds.

A solis ortus cardine.

Now, from the rising of the sun
Unto the utmost bounds of earth,
We sing the praise of Christ our King,
Sweet Mary's Child of virgin-birth.

The blessed Founder of the World,
In form of guilty slave arrayed ;
The flesh redeemed which He assumed,
Lest they should perish whom He made.

The splendour of celestial grace
Illumines that unspotted breast ;
A Virgin's womb becomes the shrine,
Where God unseen takes up His rest.

The chaste enclosure of that frame
Becomes a temple all divine ;
In stainless purity she bore
The Son of God within that shrine.

The time fulfilled, she gave Him birth
Whom Gabriel had once foretold ;
And whom, when yet within the womb,
Saint John exulted to behold.

A manger was His lowly bed,
Disdaining not on hay to lie ;
And He was nourished at the breast
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

The choirs of heaven exult with joy,
And angels sing before His throne ;
The Shepherd of our souls supreme
To shepherds makes His Glory known.

To Jesus born of Virgin pure
Eternal glory be confessed,
Who with the Father and the Spirit
For ever reigns—One Godhead blest.

EPIPHANY.

At Matins and Vespers.

Crudelis Herodes Deum.

WHY, cruel Herod, dost thou fear
The coming of a King divine,
Who will with thee His Kingdom share ?
He comes not to sequester thine.

The Magi, by the radiance bright
Of that clear star which was their guide,
Find Him who is the Fount of light—
Their gifts confess what men denied.

The Lamb of God comes to the streams
To consecrate their sacred flood ;
The sinless One our sin redeems,
And bathes the sinner in His Blood.

O mystery of Power divine,
The waters change their wonted hue !
Gush forth a fount of ruby wine,
Converted to a substance new.

Jesus, all glory be to Thee,
Who to the nations didst appear ;
To Father and the Spirit be
Perennial glory, year on year.

At Lauds.

O sola magnarum urbium.

O BETHLEHEM ! thou dost surpass
All other cities in renown ;
Thy privilege alone it was
To call from Heaven our Saviour down.

The Star whose lustre far outshines
The splendour of the noonday sun,
Brings tidings to the Earth which pines,
That God has come as Mary's Son.

Beholding Him, the Magi spread
Their eastern gifts of wealth untold,
In lowly homage at His bed—
Frankincense, myrrh, and regal gold.

The gold betokens Him a King,
And perfumes breathe His praise Divine ;
The bitter herbs a foretaste bring
Of His entombment in death's shrine.

Jesus, all glory be to Thee,
Who to the nations didst appear ;
To Father and the Spirit be
Perennial glory, year on year.

Holy Name of Jesus.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESUS, to think of Thee
Brings gladness to the heart ;
But in Thy sight to be,
Doth greater joy impart.

No softer strain we sing,
No sweeter sound is heard,
No thought more ravishing
Than Thou, Incarnate Word.

Jesus, strength of the weak,
To those who pray how kind !
How good to those who seek !
But what to those who find ?

No tongue can it reveal,
No letter can it prove ;
They only know who feel
The rapture of Thy Love.

Jesus, our future crown,
Our only joy be Thou ;
May we Thy praises own
While endless ages flow.

Jesus, our mighty King
With victory's laurels crowned,
Thy sweetness who can sing ?
Thy raptures what shall bound ?

When Thou our soul dost visit,
It beams with truthful light ;
All worldly joys disgust,
And love within burns bright.

Jesus our sole delight,
Fount of celestial fire,
Surpassing fancy's flight
And rapturous desire.

Strive all to know sweet Jesus,
His blessed Love implore ;
And yearn to seek sweet Jesus,
And seeking, yearn still more.

May we joy in Thy Name ;
May we resemble Thee ;
May love our hearts inflame
Through all eternity.

Thy Name by angels sung
Sweet music doth impart—
Like honey on the tongue,
Like nectar to the heart.

Who taste Thee, hunger still ;
Who drink Thee, yet do thirst :
Naught else their hearts can fill,
In Jesus' Love immersed.

O Jesus, sweetest Love,
Hope of the breast that sighs,
Our tears seek Thee above—
Our heart for Thee still cries.

O Lord, with us abide,
Bestow on us Thy Light ;
Drive darkness far aside,
Let all the World be bright.

Hail, Virgin's lovely Flower !
Thy Love our sweetness is ;
Honour to Thee, and power,
And reign of endless bliss.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.

At Matins and Vespers.

Aspice, ut Verbum Patris à supernis.

SEE the Eternal Word descending
From the throne of Bliss supreme,
Love-constrained, His way now wending
Adam's children to redeem.

Pitying the World's disaster,
Yearning to repair its fall,
Prone upon the earth, our Master
Prays for pardon for us all.

O what anguish, what affliction,
Hemmed Him round on every side !
Who shall tell His dereliction
While His suppliant accents cried :

"O my Father ! O my Father !
Let this chalice pass away ;
Yet not my will, Thy will rather
Be accomplished this day."

'Neath that load of anguish sinking,
Drops of blood stood on His Brow ;
Wondering earth in silence drinking
One by one the drops that flow.

But an angel, swiftly gliding,
Comes from Heaven to His aid ;
And that Form the Godhead hiding,
Comfort seeks from those He made.

To the Father praise be given ;
Praise the Son, whose Name is greater
Than all names beneath the Heaven ;
Praise the Spirit, every creature.

At Lauds.

Venit e cœlo Mediator alto.

FROM high Heaven the Mediator,
Whom the Prophets sang of yore,
Comes to heal our fallen nature—
Sion's daughters ! weep no more.

For the ill which Eden wrought us,
Where our parents went astray,
Olivet to life hath brought us,
Where our Lord doth watch and pray.

The Redeemer of His nation,
Such the love which filled His Breast,
Hastens to make expiation
For the World by sin oppressed.

Now the Father's anger ceases,
And the Hand upraised to smite,
All those threatening shafts releases,
Destined on our souls to light.

Thus the snares of Hell are broken ;
Heaven's gates are opened wide,
Where eternal joys unspoken
Welcome those for whom He died.

To the Father praise be given ;
Praise the Son, whose Name is greater
Than all names beneath the Heaven ;
Praise the Spirit, every creature.



COMMEMORATION OF OUR LORD'S PASSION.

At Vespers.

Mœrentes oculi spargite lacrymas.

YE weeping eyes, shed briny tears ;
Ye bosoms, heave with heavy sighs,
While I rehearse unto your ears
A story of foul enterprise :
 My God is slain
 By wicked men—
 Upon the Rood He dies.

With weapons armed, the rabble throng
First bind their Lord in fetters fast ;
And then they cudgel Him along,
To satisfy their furious haste,
 While many blows,
 As on He goes,
 Are on His Visage cast.

Nor is this all ! Our blessed Lord
Is doomed to death without delay.
The King by angel-choirs adored
Becomes the cruel torturers' prey.

.

The ruffian band,
With impious hand,
Urge Him along the way.

O all ye people, lend your ear :
The God of Loveliness is tied,
And yet no murmurs can you hear,
While whips, with furious passion plied,
Upon His Back
Mark out a track,
Whence flows a ruby tide.

Can you your tears refrain ? Then hear
What torments their malicious hate
Did next devise for Him to bear.
A wreath of piercing thorns they plait !
And, O the pain !
E'en to His Brain
Those thorns do penetrate.

O what a sin ! the Lord sublime
Is dragged by ropes to Calvary's grave,
Where felons expiate their crime ;
And there He dies who came to save,
And as He dies,
His Spirit flies
Back unto Him who gave.

Let all the Earth with praises ring
Of Him who suffered all these wrongs.
For us He died ; let us then bring
The tribute of our grateful songs.

Let all proclaim
His sacred Name,
To whom all praise belongs.

At Matins.

Aspice infami Deus Ipse ligno.

BEHOLD our God upon the Rood !
All drenched in gore thereon He hangs ;
His Hands are nailed unto the wood,
Pierced through with cruel iron fangs.

See, how He hangs betwixt two thieves,
As though a partner in their guilt ;
Behold the treatment He receives
From those for whom His Blood is spilt.

How pale the Face ! the drooping Head
Is bowed in death. His Eyelids close—
Forth from His Breast His Spirit fled
Unto its well-deserved repose.

O heart of man, more hard than brass,
If thou thy crime dost not bewail ;
For thy own guilty crime it was
Which Christ unto the Cross did nail.

Eternal praise to God be given
Through every age, who loved us so ;
That by His Blood our souls are shriven
From sin, which works such bitter woe.

At Lauds.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

A TEMPEST of affliction
O'erwhelms with bitter grief
Our crucified Redeemer,
Condemned like guilty thief.

His Hands and Feet are furrowed
With wounds which wider grow,
While from His Heart in torrents
His sacred Blood doth flow.

His Face with blood is streaming,
His Breast is stained with blood ;
From every Limb is pouring
The sweet atoning flood.

He weeps and prays, and dying,
He utters a loud cry ;
His Mother's heart is smitten
With grief to see Him die.

What woe to Thee, O Mother !
What woe to Thee, O Son !
O may that woe bring sorrow
To hearts as hard as stone.

Mountains and rocks are riven,
The tombs give up their dead ;
The plains and forests tremble,
The rivers backwards fled ;

The mighty main is troubled,
The Temple's veil is rent ;
The sun, the moon, the heaven,
The stars, His death lament.

The world is filled with wailing :
O men, why do ye sleep ?
Come, all ye little children ;
Come, maids and matrons, weep !

Stand by His Cross in sadness,
Anoint His blessed Feet ;
Wash them with tears of sorrow,
Your pardon to entreat.

See, Mary with her tresses
Dries up the tears that flow ;
See how His Feet she kisses—
So we will kiss them now.

O Love's devoted Victim,
To take our sins away,
And make us Thine own brethren,
Thy life's Blood Thou didst pay.

Be Thou our peace, O Jesus !
Our Joy, our Life, our Crown,
Our Guide, our Light to Heaven,
Where Thou hast placed our throne.

CROWN OF THORNS.

At Vespers.

Exite, Sion filiae.

Go forth, ye Sion's daughters, now,
A Monarch's bashful train,
To see the crown on Jesus' Brow—
Your mother wrought that pain.

His Hair is plucked, the piercing thorns
Red with His Blood appear ;
The deathly pallor of His Face
Shows that the end is near.

What barren tract produced those thorns
Bristling with bush and brier ?
What ruthless hand hath gathered in
So stern a crop and dire ?

Each thorn, now steeped in Jesus' Blood,
Becomes a blooming rose ;
Bears sweeter fruit than any palm,
His triumph better shows.

O Christ ! the thorns which wound Thy Brow
Were sown in our great sin ;
Pluck from our hearts our guilty thorns,
And plant Thine own Thorns in.

Strength, honour, praise, and glory be
To Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

At Lauds.

Legis figuris pingitur.

THE noble Crown of Christ our Lord,
Shines in the ancient pact ;
By thorn-entangled victim ¹ shown,
And burning bush ² intact.

¹ Gen. xxii. 13.

² Exod. iii.

The ark was circled by a crown ;¹
The table's mystic round,²
And altars breathing sweet perfume,³
Fair golden crowns surround.

Hail, Crown of Glory ! hail to thee,
Encircling Jesus' Scars !
No gems, no gold can rival thee,
Nor crowns of shining stars.

Strength, honour, praise, and glory be
To Father and to Son,
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

LANCE AND NAILS.

At Vespers.

Quænam lingua tibi O Lancea debitas ?

WHAT tongue can sing thy worthy praise, O Lance ?
For thou didst open Christ's life-giving Side ;
From which His Church came forth a perfect Bride,
As Eve came forth from Adam's mystic trance.
While blood and water mingle on the spears,

¹ Exod. xxv. 11.

² Exod. xxv. 25.

³ Exod. xxx. 3.

The Church its life from that blest Fountain drew.
To you, O Nails ! are equal praises due,
What time Christ's sacred members ye did pierce,
And fasten to the Cross the stern decree,
Now blotted out by His atoning Blood.
May all the saints unite in accents loud
To praise Thee, Jesus, who dost keep with Thee
The marks of Nails and Lance, where Thou dost share
The Father's empire, and His sceptre bear.

At Matins.

Salvete Clavi et Lancea.

HAIL, holy Nails ! hail, blessed Spear !
Once stained with rude ignoble rust ;
What ruby tints on you appear,
When in Christ's Body you were thrust !

The treacherous Jews chose you to aid
The accomplishment of their foul crime,
And God in Heaven of you hath made
The instruments of grace sublime.

For from the wounds which you did trace
Upon those members all divine,
As many founts of heavenly grace,
With all their ruby treasures, shine.

To Jesus, pierced with nails and spear,
Be glory, with the Father blest,
And with the Spirit ever dear,
Both now and always still confessed.

It Hands.

Tinctam ergo Christi Sanguine.

TURN on me, then, your pointed dart,
With precious Blood of Christ all stained,
And wound my feet, my hands, my heart,
For whom those pains should be ordained.

But, O ! I pray, let every wound
Which on my guilty self you make,
With unction of Christ's Blood abound,
And heal the spirit for His sake.

That so my feet may never stray,
My hands desist from evil deeds,
And earthly love steal not away
The heart which with compassion bleeds.

To Jesus, pierced with nails and spear,
Be glory, with the Father blest,
And with the Spirit ever dear,
Both now and always still confessed.

*ANOTHER OFFICE.**At Vespers.**Pange, lingua, gloriosæ.*

SING, my tongue, the glorious theme
Of the noble lance's praise,
For it summoned forth a stream
Flowing with redeeming grace,
When our Lord came to redeem
By His Death the human race.

Lance, which many shrines would claim !
Now our ransom it doth bear :
Piercing Him, that lance became
To the strong a potent spear ;
While the nails against the aim
Of our foes a bulwark rear.

Precious lance ! which robbed the Heart
Of our God of all its Blood ;
Precious nails ! whose pointed dart
Cleansed us with a saving flood ;
Healing grace thus to impart
Unto Adam's guilty brood.

Staff on which the pilgrims rest,
Courage to the weak it lends ;
Warriors see it, and their breast
Glow with ardour which it sends ;
And each nail, for ever blest,
Wavering hearts from sin defends.

Jesus, Victor o'er the grave,
Who didst triumph by the spear,
And who by the nails didst save
All things from the doom they fear,
Grant that we may always have
In these arms a refuge near.

At Matins.

Paschali jubilo sonent præconia.

Now, raise your voice in jubilation,
And sing the praises of those arms
Whereby our Lord redeemed His nation—
Cross, lance, and nails, our praise embalms.

His cross despoils the powers infernal,
His lance doth win the heavenly prize,
The nails bring us to realms supernal,
And light with joy our weeping eyes.

For when the nails His Hands did furrow,
And pierced right through His sacred Feet ;
When lance His Side transfixèd thorough,
How many streams of grace then meet !

The lance which smote His Heart so rudely,
And drank the Water and the Blood,
Makes glad the World with torrents goodly—
O run, all ye, to drink that flood.

O God Supreme ! the Heavens adore Thee,
And Seraphim Thy praises sing ;
O grant us, too, to stand before Thee,
For ever praising Thee, our King.

At Lauds.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

THE Eternal Word from Heaven proceeds,
Comes down to save the sinner lost ;
Wounded with lance and nails He bleeds,
O what a price that work has cost !

O glorious Lance ! thy potent might
The hosts of Hell has terrified ;
Thou openest out the realms of light,
By virtue of the death He died.

And when the nails His Hands did wound,
A fount of healing grace arose,
Which heavenly odours breathes around,
Sweeter than any flower that blows.

More cruel than a savage beast,
A lance the Heart of God did wound ;
And from the Strong comes forth a feast—
No honeycomb so sweet is found.

The Father, His dread phials of wrath
Upon His sinless Son pours down,
That He might make for us a path
To stand before His glorious throne.

O Christ, our joy, do Thou impart
Those copious streams of milk and wine
Which flow from Thy transfixèd heart,
For which our souls so long do pine.

Creator blest, we now implore
That Thou wouldst our refreshment be ;
And let Thine armour evermore
Defend us from the enemy.



*HOLY WINDING-SHEET.**At Vespers.**Gloriam sacræ celebremus omnes.*

THE sacred cerements' praises let us sing,
And let the air with joyful echoes ring,
When we behold the robes which record bring
Of our dear-bought salvation.

That hallowed robe the sacred impress bears
Of Jesus' Wounds, stained with His Blood and Tears ;
Within its fold His sacred Form it bears,
Torn from its lofty station.

That robe reveals what cruel pains He bore—
The Saviour of the World, whom we adore ;
Who pardon for our sins deigned to implore
By His own immolation.

See here the wound the cruel lance has made ;
His Hands with nails, His Back with whips is flayed ;
Behold the traces, where His Head was laid,
Of thorny coronation.

Can you behold it with unweeping eyes ?
Can you behold, and not dissolve in sighs,
The lifelike image of the death He dies
In shame and tribulation ?

Upon Thy Shoulders, Lord, our sins were laid,
And by Thy Passion was our Ransom paid ;
To Thee our life we owe—to Thee is made
Our lifelong consecration.

To Thee, O Son ! be honour and esteem,
Who by Thy Blood the whole World didst redeem ;
With Father and the Spirit, God Supreme,
Thy reign knows no cessation.

At Matins.

Mysterium mirabile.

A WONDROUS mystery this day
Reveals itself before our eyes :
The true Son of the living God
Upon the Cross in torment dies.

To advocate a servant's cause,
He takes that servant's guilty guise ;
The Master suffers for the slave—
The just Man for the sinner dies.

The emblems of His cruel death
And triumph we behold impressed
Upon the robe, which with its folds
His mangled Body did invest.

These are the signs of victory won
O'er Death, o'er Hell, and o'er the World ;
These are the trophies which our Chief
Displays triumphantly unfurled.

This gratitude at least we owe
To Him who brought eternal life,
That 'neath this banner we should stand,
And fight and conquer in the strife.

Then let us die to all our sin,
And let us rise to life of grace ;
That by the Cross we may deserve
To see the glory of His Face.

Grant this, O Father merciful !
And Thou, His own co-equal Son !
Grant this, O Spirit ! who dost bear
The sceptre, while the ages run.



At Lauds.

Jesu, dulcis amor meus.

JESUS, sweetest love of mine,
In Thy sight I seem to stand ;
Mindful of those Wounds of Thine,
Let me kiss Thy wounded Hand.

Now I see how Thou wast stripped,
Wounded, racked, and drenched with gall ;
Stained with Blood, with scourges whipped—
On this robe I see it all.

Hail to thee, thorn-crownèd Brow !
How Thy Features' lovely grace
Shows a different aspect now !
Angels feared to see that Face.

Hail to thee, O sacred Heart !
Hail, O Wound, once made therein !
Redder than the rose thou art,
Healing balsam for our sin.

Holy Hands, you, too, we greet,
Pierced right through with cruel dart.
Saviour ! from Thy sacred Feet
Grant us never to depart.

*THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.**At Vespers.**Festinis resonant compita vocibus.*

LET joyful cries ring through the air,
Let every brow with gladness shine ;
Let old and young bright torches bear,
And form the long procession's line.

The precious Blood which Christ once shed
From many wounds, should move us so,
When we remember all He did,
That tears at least for Him should flow.

The first man's disobedience wrought
The ruin of the human race ;
The second Adam life has brought
To all by His redeeming grace.

If His Eternal Father heard
The loud cry of His dying Son,
Much more that Blood His pity stirred,
Our great transgression to condone.

Who washes in that Blood his stole,
Henceforth with ruby grace doth shine :
Pure as the Angels is that soul,
And pleasing to the King Divine.

If but we all attain the goal,
Nor ever falter in the strife ;
So God, who helps the weary soul,
Will grant the noble prize of life.

Be kind to us, O Father blest !
Bought by the Blood of Thine own Son,
And by Thy Spirit's Grace refreshed,
Till we the heavenly crown have won.

At Matins.

Ira justa Conditoris.

THE great Creator's just decree
To drown the guilty World, set free
The waters of the vengeful flood.
Noe alone the ark did save ;
But now His Love the World doth lave
With deluge of atoning Blood.

The happy earth rejoiced amain
To drink the torrents of that rain.

Where once was spread a thorny waste,
The sweetest flowers of grace now bloom ;
And in the bitter wormwood's room
The sweetest nectar greets the taste.

The Serpent now hath laid aside
The venom which his fangs supplied,
The savage beasts which roam the wild
Forget their native cruelty ;
This was Thy dear-bought Victory,
O wounded Lamb of God so mild !

O depth of wisdom so profound !
Which human wit can never sound,
What words of man can e'er suffice
To tell Thy sweetest clemency ?
The guilty slave was doomed to die,
His Lord and King doth pay the price.

When by our trespass we provoke
The angry Judge's vengeful stroke,
That precious Blood doth cry alway
For mercy on our bitter woes ;
The serried ranks of all our foes
In dire confusion fly away.

O may the World with praises ring ;
By Thee redeemed, may we still bring
The tribute of our gratitude.
Thou art our Guide to endless rest,
With Father and the Spirit blest
Thou reignest in beatitude.

At Pands.

Salvete, Christi vulnera.

ALL hail to you, sweet Jesu's wounds ;
The pledges of His Love are ye,
From which a ruby torrent bounds
And gushes forth unceasingly.

Brighter than all the stars that shine,
Sweeter than balsam or the rose,
In price above Golconda's mine—
No honeycomb such sweetness knows.

Through you our soul doth enter in,
And finds a grateful refuge there ;
The foes who would tempt us to sin,
To scale that fortress do not dare.

In Pilate's court how many blows
On Jesu's naked Back were laid !
From that torn Flesh, what mortal knows
How many drops of Blood He shed !

O woe is me, His lovely Brow
With crown of prickly thorns is gored ;
With nails, clenched by the hammer's blow,
His Hands and Feet are rudely bored.

But when of His own will He died,
And by His Death His Love did show,
Water and Blood, a mingled tide,
From His transfixed bosom flow.

That we might full redemption reap,
Beneath the wine-press trodden down,
One drop of Blood He will not keep—
Our life to save He spills His own.

O come, all ye, unto this Bath ;
O sinner, come, if but thou wilt ;
Whoever bathes therein he hath
Entire remission of his guilt.

To Him who sits on the right hand
Of God the Father, thanks are due ;
Who by His Blood redeemed the land,
And with His Spirit doth renew.

ASCENSION.

At Matins.

Æterne Rex altissime.

ETERNAL KING, exalted high,
Redeemer of the human race,
Who by the death which Thou didst die,
Achieved a triumph ne'er to cease.

Thou didst ascend above the spheres,
Unto the throne which is Thy right,
Not given by man ; Thy Godhead bears
The sceptre of all-potent might.

That all the triple powers which sway
The Heavens, the Earth, and Hell, may be
Obedient to Thy word alway,
And bow the suppliant knee to Thee.

The Angels tremble to behold
How strangely God doth man redeem ;
Man expiates his sin of old,
And God Incarnate reigns supreme.

Be Thou Thyself our sole delight,
Be Thou our crown in Heaven above,
Who rulest all the World with might,
And didst its pleasures worthless prove.

For this we cry with suppliant voice,
That Thou wouldst pardon all our sin ;
Lift up our hearts to heavenly joys,
By grace may we Thy Glory win.

And when Thou comest in a cloud
Of majesty to judge the Earth,
Relax the pains Thy vengeance vowed,
Restore the right lost at our birth.

Jesus, all glory be to Thee,
In triumph unto Heaven ascending ;
To Father and the Spirit be
Like glory through all time unending.

At Vespers and Lauds.

Salutis humanæ Sator.

THOU who didst die for sinner's sake ;
Jesus, who art the soul's delight,
Who didst redeem whom Thou didst make—
To those who love Thee, purest Light.

Whence this unheard-of clemency,
That Thou our guilty crime shouldst bear ;
That Thou, the sinless One, shouldst die,
To save us from the death we fear ?

Descending to the realms of night,
The captive Fathers Thou didst free ;
Thou sittest at Thy Father's right,
Arrayed in robes of victory,

O may Thy pity move Thy Heart
To pardon our deserved disgrace ;
Thy blissful light deign to impart,
That we may see Thee face to face.

Our Guide to Heaven and our Road,
Be Thou the Goal to which we tend ;
Our Joy in this our sad abode,
Our sweet Reward which ne'er shall end.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

At Vespers.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi.

LET my tongue the mystery sing
Of the Body all divine,
Of the Blood which Christ our King,
Born of David's royal line,
Shed upon the Cross to bring
Sinners back to grace divine.

To defeat the Serpent's guile,
He was born of Virgin pure ;
Tarried in the world awhile,
Scattering seed which should endure ;
Then He closed in wondrous style,
His sojourning wellnigh o'er.

On the night of that last feast,
With the brethren He reclined,
Satisfied the law's behest,
In the food the law assigned ;
To the Twelve, as His bequest,
By His hand Himself consigned.

Word Incarnate by His word
Makes of bread His Flesh indeed,
To the Blood of Christ adored
Wine is changed ; then, never heed
If the sense doth not accord,
Faith doth guarantee the deed.

Unto this great Sacrament
Let us bow in homage due ;
Let the ancient covenant
Yield its place unto the new ;
Let our faith supply the want
Of the senses' partial view.

Praise the Father's mighty Name,
Praise the Son, one God with Him ;
Power, and Glory, Honour, Fame,
Blessing be our constant theme,
While the Spirit we proclaim
Worthy of that praise supreme.

At Matins.

Sacris solemnibus juncta sint gaudia.

ON this most solemn festival your joyful anthems raise,
And let your bosoms overflow with accents of sweet praise ;
Let ancient forms depart, and let new rites usurp their
place,

Let heart and voice their homage pay.

We keep the memory of the night of that great Sacrament,
When we believe our Lord fulfilled the ancient covenant ;
And to the brethren gave the Lamb, and bread without
ferment,

According to the ancient pact.

After the mystic Lamb consumed, when paschal rites are
o'er,

Unto the Twelve Himself He gave their food for evermore ;
What all receive, each one receives—one Body we adore,
By His Almighty Hand bestowed.

He gave His Body unto them, their faltering steps to stay,
He gave His Blood to cheer their hearts, now drooping with
dismay,

And said, "Receive the Chalice which I give to you this
day,

And drink ye all thereof."

Thus did our Lord that sacrifice most holy institute,
Whereunto as its ministers His priests He did depute
Themselves to take, to others give, let none their right
dispute,

Which unto them alone belongs.

The food of Angels now becomes to man his daily bread,
And bread from Heaven signifies that ancient types are
dead :

O wondrous thing ! an abject slave by his own Lord is fed,
Can anything more wondrous be ?

O Godhead One in Persons Three, we humbly Thee implore
That Thou wouldst be our Guest, as we Thy majesty adore ;
Be Thou our Guide in all our ways until we reach the door
Of Thy eternal dwelling-place.



At Lauds.

Verbum supernum, prodiens.

THE Eternal Word of God descends—
Yet leaving not His Father's side—
To do His work, His way He wends,
Arrived at life's sad eventide.

E'en while the treacherous Judas goes
His Lord and Master to betray,
Jesus His Body first bestows
To His disciples on that day.

His Flesh and Blood to them He gave
Under the twofold mystic veil,
That soul and body He might save,
Who came our every wound to heal.

When He was born, He was our Guest ;
At Table now He is our Food ;
Dying, He was our Ransom blest,
And where He reigns, our only Good.

O Victim of redeeming Grace,
Thou openest Heaven's portals wide !
Give help and strength against the face
Of foes, who press on every side.

To God, One Lord in Persons Three,
May sempiternal praise be given :
O may we live and reign with Thee
For ever in the courts of Heaven.

SACRED HEART.

At Vespers.

Auctor beate Sæculi.

O BLESSED Founder of the World,
Jesus, Redeemer of Mankind !
Light of the Father's Light art Thou,
Substantial Image of His Mind !

Thy Love compelled Thee to assume
Our feeble frame of mortal mould.
A second Adam, Thou wouldst give
What the first Adam lost of old.

Thy Love the kindly Builder was
Of earth, of ocean, and the stars ;
Took pity on our fathers' woes,
And broke for us our prison bars.

O may that wondrous Love of Thine
Dwell in Thy sacred Heart always ;
From that blest Fount may nations draw
Sweet streams of Thy atoning grace.

For this Thy Heart with lance was pierced—
For this, Thou didst sustain the blow :
To cleanse us from our guilty stains,
The mingled Blood and Water flow.

Glory to Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit blest !
Power, glory, and dominion be
To Them through every age confessed.

At Matins.

En ! ut superba criminum.

WHO are those foes that press around ?
Alas, they are our many sins !
What was the crime in Thee was found ?
O God, it was Thine Innocence.

Our sins did aim that quivering lance
With which the soldier pierced Thy Heart ;
Our sins its cruel force enhance,
And keener edge to it impart.

The Church, Thy wedded spouse, arose,
O Christ, from Thy spear-wounded Side,
Door of the Ark, which doth disclose
A refuge from the o'erwhelming tide.

From this there flows a ceaseless spring
Of saving grace, a sevenfold flood,
That we our sinful robes may bring,
And wash them in Thy precious Blood.

O shame, if we to sin return,
And wound Thy sacred Heart again !
But rather let our bosoms burn
With Thy sweet Love's consuming pain.

O Christ our Lord, O Father blest,
O Holy Spirit, grant this grace !
To you be glory, power confessed,
And empire of eternal peace.

At Lauds.

Cor, Arca legem continens.

O HEART of God, the blessed Ark,
Which doth the law of grace enshrine—
Not law of ancient servitude,
But law of mercy all divine.

O Heart, the temple unprofaned,
Enshrining Thy New Testament,
More holy than the ancient one,
More useful than the Veil that's rent.

Thy Love inflicted that wide wound,
Which shows upon Thy piercèd Side,
That we may know the wondrous depths
Of Love unseen, which there abide.

Beneath this symbol of His Love,
Our Priest Himself did sacrifice
His death of Blood—His mystic death ;
In each great rite 'tis Christ who dies.

When He hath loved so tenderly,
Who would not that fond love return ?
To dwell for ever in that Heart
As in a home, who does not yearn ?

Glory to Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit blest !
Power, glory, and dominion be
To Them through every age confessed.

ANOTHER OFFICE.

At Matins and Vespers.

Quicumque certum quæritis.

ALL ye who seek a solace sure,
And comfort in your deep distress,
When conscious guilt afflicts the soul,
Or pains deserved the heart oppress.

O come to Jesus, tender Heart,
The Heart which once was pierced for thee ;
His Heart it is who for thy sake
Was nailed to the ignominious tree.

O hear how sweetly He invites,
And tries the love of all to win :
O come to Me, all ye who groan
Beneath the burden of your sin.

O what more gentle than His Heart,
Who even doth excuse the crime
Of those who nailed Him to the Cross ?
Father ! forgive their sin this time.

O Heart, the joy of all the Saints,
And certain Hope of mortal breast ;
O, hear the suppliant prayers we pour.
We come to Thee with this request :

Cleanse Thou our wounds with healing streams
Of precious Blood, which from Thee flows ;
Grant a new heart to all who seek
Relief in Thee from all their woes.



At Lauds.

Summi Parentis Filio.

To Jesus, Son of God Most High,
The Prince who reigns on peaceful throne,
The Father of the World to come,
Let us our canticles intone.

His Heart was wounded by a dart
Of Love, whose burning torch enshrined
Within their hearts, enkindles those
Who love the Lover of mankind.

O Jesus, Man of Sorrows, say
Why should Thy guiltless Blood be shed ?
Why should the lance divide Thy Heart
With ruthless force, when life is sped ?

Pellucid Fount of Love divine,
O limpid Spring of Water welling !
O Flame, consuming all our sins !
O burning Love in Thy Heart dwelling !

Do Thou, O Jesus, hide us now
And ever in Thy sacred Heart ;
Grant us to share the gifts of grace,
And heavenly bliss one day impart.

To God the Father and the Son
May honour, praise, and glory be ;
And, Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
From age to age we worship Thee.

TRANSFIGURATION.

At Matins and Vespers.

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

ALL ye who seek our Lord to know,
Lift up your eyes to Heaven above ;
There you may see what glory now
Surrounds the Object of your love.

What splendour there doth greet the eye—
A glory which shall know no loss !
Sublime, unbounded, towering high,
Older than Heaven or old Chaos.

There reigns He King for evermore ;
Both Jew and Gentile own His sway :
Promised to Abraham of yore,
And to his seed confirmed alway.

The Prophets, in their rapturous hymn,
Foretell that He is Christ the Lord ;
The Father witness bears to Him,
And bids us listen to His Word.

Jesus, Thy glory we proclaim,
Who didst Thyself to babes reveal ;
Bless we the Father's holy Name,
Bless Holy Ghost with fervent zeal.

At Lauds.

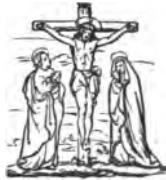
Lux alma, Jesu, mentium.

O JESUS, when Thy sweetest Light
Dawns on the mind, the soul revives ;
It chases thence the shades of night,
And fills with sweetness which it gives.

How glad is he whose guest Thou art,
Thou, who dost share Thy Father's throne ;
Sweet light to Heaven Thou dost impart,
To sensual vision quite unknown.

O Splendour of the Father, Thou !
O Charity, surpassing thought !
The treasures of Thy love bestow
On us, to Thy sweet presence brought.

Jesus, Thy glory we proclaim,
Who didst Thyself to babes reveal ;
Bless we the Father's holy Name,
Bless Holy Ghost with fervent zeal.





Hymns from Office of Our Lady.



AT VESPERS, MATINS, AND LAUDS.





Office of Our Lady.



COMMON OFFICE.

At Vespers.

Ave, maris Stella.

MARY, Star of Ocean, Ave !
Mother of thy God art thou ;
Ever Virgin we proclaim thee,
Happy Gate of Heaven now.

O may that sweet salutation,
By the lips of Gabriel spoken,
When to Ave Eva changes,
Be to us a peaceful token.

Loose the bonds which bind the guilty,
Light upon our blindness pour,
Banish from us every evil,
Blessings on our souls implore.

Show thyself to be a mother,
May He hear our prayers through thee,
Who for us, of thee Incarnate,
Was content thy Son to be.

Virgin far above all virgins,
Gentler far than all the rest,
Free us from the sins which bind us,
Make us gentle, make us chaste.

May our life be pure and holy,
Guide our steps in ways of grace,
That we may, beholding Jesus,
Ever joy in His embrace.

Praise be given to God the Father ;
Honour, Jesus, unto Thee ;
And to Thee, O Holy Spirit !
Self-same honour to the Three.

At Matins.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera.

THE earth, the sky, the mighty ocean,
The fabric of the universe,
Hail Mary's Child with rapt devotion,
His praises everywhere rehearse.

The sun and moon vie with each other
To do His will in every place,
Who deigns to call a maid His mother,
Conceived by her through heavenly grace.

How blessed was that mother's dower,
Whose womb suffices to contain
The God who by His mighty power
The World's vast fabric can sustain !

How blessed in that salutation,
When quickened by the Spirit's grace,
The Child desired by every nation,
Made her pure womb His dwelling-place !

Jesus, mayst Thou all praise inherit,
Who art the Child of Virgin blest ;
To Father and the Holy Spirit
Eternal praises be confessed.

At Lauds.

O gloriosa Virginum.

O MARY, how great is thy glory !
With thy splendour the stars cannot vie ;
For the God whose omnipotence bore thee,
At thy breast as an Infant doth lie.

What Eve took away from sad mortals,
The Fruit of thy womb doth restore ;
Thou didst open the heavenly portals,
They shall enter and sorrow no more.

Thou, the gate of the heavenly court ;
Thou, the mansion of God's habitation ;
All ye nations whom Jesus has bought,
Praise Mary, the source of salvation.

O Jesus ! to Thee be all praise,
Who art born of a Virgin all pure ;
To Father and Spirit always
Be glory while ages endure.

LITTLE OFFICE.

At Compline.

Memento, rerum Conditor.

REMEMBER, O Creator blest !
That Thou didst once our form assume ;
That Thou, Incarnate God, didst rest
Within a spotless Virgin's womb.

O Mother of redeeming grace !
Sweet mercy is thy queenly dower ;
Our bitter foes far from us chase,
Receive us in our dying hour.

Jesus, mayst Thou all praise inherit,
Who art the Child of Mary blest ;
To Father and the Holy Spirit
Eternal praises be confessed.

ANTIPHONS.

From First Sunday of Advent to the Purification.

Alma Redemptoris mater, quæ pervia cœli.

SWEET Mother of our Saviour blest,
The Gate by which we enter Heaven,
The Star which glistens o'er the crest
Of stormy waves whereon we're driven,
Bring aid unto thy people's cause,
And save them from the approaching doom ;
Who didst conceive, 'gainst Nature's laws,
Thy own Creator in thy womb.

A Virgin once, a Virgin still,
O deign to hear the salutation,
And Gabriel's Ave now fulfil,
Take pity on thy fallen nation.

From the Purification to Holy Thursday.

Ave, Regina Cœlorum.

HAIL to thee on thy bright throne !
Angels hail thee bending down ;
Root of Jesse, Gate of Heaven,
Light through thee to us was given.
Joy to thee, O Maid renowned !
Fairer than all others found ;
By the glory thou hast won,
Pray for us unto thy Son.

From Easter to Pentecost.

Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia !

QUEEN of Heaven, now rejoice,
We sing our Alleluia ;
He who made thee by His choice
His Mother, Alleluia
Hath arisen as His voice
Proclaimed it, Alleluia ;
Be our Advocate with Christ
For ever, Alleluia.

From Trinity Sunday to Advent.

Salve, Regina.

HAIL, Queen and Mother of compassion kind !
Our life, our sweetness, hope in thee we find.
To thee, poor banished sons of Eve, we cry ;
To thee in this sad vale of tears we sigh :
Rise, then, our Advocate, and turn thine eyes,
Those eyes so tender, on our miseries ;
And when this weary time of exile's o'er,
Sweet Jesus show to us for evermore,
The blessed Fruit of thy pure womb confessed,
O kind, O tender Virgin Mary blest !

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

At Matins.

Prælara custos Virginum.

CHIEF of the Virgins' chosen band,
Thy Virgin womb became God's Throne,
The Gate of the celestial land,
The Hope of Man, the Angels' Crown.

A lily thou among the thorns,
A dove of peerless form and grace,
The branch which Jesse's root adorns,
Whose healing Fruit redeems our race.

Thou tower of strength, which nought defiles,
Thou star, which shinest o'er the main,
Defend us from all Satan's wiles,
And by thy light our steps ordain.

The gloom of error now dispel,
And dissipate the treacherous shoal,
While threatening billows chafe and swell,
Grant us to reach the happy goal.

Jesus, mayst Thou all praise inherit,
Who art the Child of Mary blest ;
To Father and the Holy Spirit
Eternal praises be confessed.

SEVEN DOLOURS.

In Lent.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

How sorrowful the Mother stood,
Weeping beneath the holy Rood
On which her dear Son hangs !
Her soul is pierced with sword of grief,
Nor sighs nor groans can bring relief
Unto her bitter pangs.

How full of bitter woe and sadness
Was she, the source of all our gladness,
The Mother of our Lord !
That Mother could do nought but mourn
To see her Son to Calvary borne,
Whom Angel-choirs adored.

Where is the eye that would not weep,
To see that Mother plunged so deep
In such great tribulation ?
Where is the heart that would not grieve,
If it the measure could conceive
Of Mary's deep compassion ?

His Father's wrath to satisfy,
She sees her Son in torments die,
With cruel scourges torn ;
She sees her own, her sweetest Son,
Forsaken now by every one,
Dying a death forlorn.

O Mary, Mother, source of love,
May I thy bitter anguish prove,
Teach me to weep with thee ;
O make my heart to burn like thine
With love of Christ, thy Son divine,
That He too may love me.

O holy Mother, make my heart
To feel the anguish of the dart
Which pierced the Crucified.
Thine only Son thou didst not spare,
Who deigned such pains for me to bear,
Those pains with me divide. .

O teach me how with thee to weep,
And whilst I live the memory keep
Of Jesus crucified ;
Beneath the Cross with thee to stand,
And join the faithful mourners' band,
Nor ever leave thy side.

Virgin, above all virgins blest,
Deny me not this one request,
Teach me to mourn with thee ;
Grant me to share His death, and bear
The memory of His Passion dear,
And stripes endured for me.

O wound my heart with those sweet shafts,
And drench my soul with copious draughts
Of thy Son's precious Blood ;
'Gainst vengeful flames my soul defend—
O Virgin blest, be thou my friend,
Be thou my surety good.

O Jesus, when this life is done,
Call me to an eternal throne,
For Thy dear Mother's sake ;
And when this body shall decay,
My soul to Heaven without delay
Unto Thy glory take.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

At Vespers and Lauds.

As in Common Office.

At Matins.

Plaudite festivo, pia gens, honore.

SING high your hymns of praise, all ye who dwell
In Genezzano, where the sacred fane
The image of God's Mother doth contain.
No mortal hand could limn that face so well !
Its wonder-working power who shall tell,
When first it dawned upon their wondering sight ?
The sick are healed, and all the ills that light
On body and on mind it did dispel.

The woes which threatened Latium to invade
Were banished far. O Virgin ! still thy power
Is manifest by many marvellous signs.
To weary mortals lend thy powerful aid,
And hear the vows which we, thy servants, pour.
To Him whose glory in the Heaven shines,
The Triune-God who rules the universe,
May every creature ceaseless praise rehearse.

OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

At Vespers and Matins.

Sæpe, dum Christi populus, cruentis.

OFT when the flock of Christ has been oppressed
By bitter foes, the faithful Virgin came
From Heaven to bring her suffering people rest.
Thus ancient records of the past proclaim,
Thus temples decked with spoils her aid attest,
And annual rites to praise her holy name.
And now 'tis meet to sing to Mary blest
New songs of praise ; let all the World acclaim,
And echo back the Holy City's voice,
Who in her new deliverance doth rejoice.

O happy day, and worthy of record,
When Peter's throne, which now for many a year
Had mourned the absence of a Pastor dear,
In triumph welcomed back its exiled Lord.
Ye youths and maids, a pure and holy band,
Ye tonsured trains, ye people, raise your voice
To praise our Queen, who with her bounteous hand
Such gifts bestows as make the heart rejoice.
O Virgin blest ! renowned in every land,
Mother of God, predestined by His choice,
Show greater mercy still ; by thy command,
Whose power alone all heresies destroys,
May Pius, our chief Shepherd, be our guide,
And wholesome pastures for our souls provide ;
May we adore Thee through eternal years,
O Trinity ! whose fame transcends our lays,
And may the steadfast faith our spirit bears
Instruct our tongues with canticles of praise.

At Lauds.

Te, Redemptoris Dominique nostri.

MOTHER of our Redeemer and our Lord,
We hail thee now, a Virgin without stain,
The Christian's joy and comfort in his pain.
What though the powers of Hell with one accord

Their arms combine, what though our ancient foe
Should gnash his teeth, and threaten to destroy
And fill God's holy heritage with woe ;
Their furious onslaught never can annoy
The souls which, in their pious fervour, go
To implore the aid which thou dost give with joy ;
Such heavenly favours from thy hands do flow,
If but thine advocacy we employ.
The din of war doth cease, the foes are slain,
Their broken squadrons strew the battle-plain ;
As lifts its head the tower by David built
In holy Sion, a citadel of strength,
A wall doth compass it, while all the length
Reflects the splendour of the bucklers gilt,
And bristles with an armament of power :
So doth the Virgin, whom God's mighty Hand
Hath compassed with a choicest heavenly dower,
Defend her servants from the hostile band,
Against the hosts of Hell a mighty tower.
Thy praise, O Trinity ! in every land
Ascends eternally from hour to hour ;
By faith our souls Thy majesty confess,
Our tongues with hymns of praise that faith profess.



*SEVEN DOLOURS—SEPTEMBER.**O quot undis lacrymarum.*

How many tears that Mother shed,
How many pangs her heart oppressed,
When from the Cross whereon He bled
She saw Him taken to His rest !
Once more upon her lap now laid,
Once more clasped to her gentle breast.

See how she bathes with tears of woe
That Face so dear, that Breast so sweet,
That Side which she had cherished so !
Those wounded Hands once more now meet
With hers, and bid her tears to flow
On them, and on those gory Feet.

How many times she clasps her Son,
And strives those Features to retrace !
Those wounds she kisses every one,
Those mangled Limbs, that livid Face,
Till grief doth make her soul to swoon
Itself away in that embrace.

O Mother, deign to hear our cry !
By all the tears which thou didst shed,
And by the death thy Son did die,

And by the wounds so ruby red,
O teach our hearts with thine to sigh,
And bleed for Him who for us bled.

To Father and the Son divine,
To Holy Ghost, co-equal Lord,
To Godhead One in Persons Trine,
Sing endless praise with one accord ;
And may Their glory brighter shine,
In this and every age adored.

At Matins.

Jam, toto subditus, Vesper eat, polo.

LET darkness vanish from the heavens now,
And let the sun haste on the wond'ring day,
Whilst I recall that tragedy of woe,
When God endured such pains as none can say.

His Mother, too—thou didst that sight behold,
With streaming cheek and heart that could not break ;
Whilst all the time the cruel Cross did hold
Thy Son, whose sighs His anguish now bespeak.

Before thine eyes thine only Son now hangs,
With scourges torn, one wound from Foot to Head :
O who shall tell how many bitter pangs
Transfixed thy heart, which with compassion bled !

The spittle and the blows, the stripes, the wounds,
The nails, the gall, the myrrh, the sponge, the lance,
The thirst, the thorns, the gore,—are there no bounds,
But must they all His sufferings enhance ?

And all the while she stands steadfast and true :
That Virgin more than martyr's courage shows ;
Dying of grief, yet by a wonder new,
She does not die for all her many woes.

Sing praise unto the eternal Godhead now ;
Thee I entreat with supplicating strain,
Such strength in time of trouble to bestow,
As did Thy Virgin Mother's heart sustain.

At Lauds.

Summæ Deus clementiæ.

GREAT God of clemency supreme,
O may the Virgin's sevenfold grief
Be unto us our constant theme,
May Jesus' sighs bring us relief.

May all the tears which she did weep
Salvation's boon for us obtain ;
Those tears alone suffice to sweep
Our sins away with all their stain.

May Thy five wounds, O Jesus ! be
A constant theme of bitterness ;
May Mary's sorrows be to me,
And all, a source of endless bliss.

Jesus, Thy glory we proclaim,
Who for our sakes wast crucified ;
For ever may the Father's Name
With Holy Ghost be magnified.

M A T E R N I T Y.

At Matins.

Cœlo Redemptor prætulit.

OUR Saviour chose His dwelling-place
Within a happy Virgin's womb,
Preferred it to a heavenly throne,
Our mortal nature to assume.

It was her happy lot to bear
The Author of redeeming grace,
Who by His Blood our souls redeems,
And by His Cross our ransom pays.

May joyful hope so fill our hearts
That anxious fear may pass away,
For she will bear our tears and prayers
Unto her Son upon this day.

That Son doth hear His Mother's cry,
That Son doth grant what she implores ;
Who seeks her love, he shall obtain
Her potent aid in darkest hours.

Glory to Thee, O Trinity !
Who didst enrich with Fruit divine
The spotless womb of Mary blest,
Resplendent may Thy glory shine.

At Lauds.

Te, Mater alma Numinis.

To thee, the Mother of our King,
We humbly raise our suppliant prayers,
That 'neath the shelter of thy wing
We may be safe from Satan's snares.

That King Supreme created thee,
His Mother's queenly name to bear,
To set our guilty nature free,
And our first parents' sin repair.

Then show thyself compassionate
To Adam's fallen progeny,
May thy entreaties deprecate
His wrath who deigned thy Son to be.

Jesus, mayst Thou all praise inherit,
Who art the Child of Mary blest ;
To Father and the Holy Spirit
Eternal praises be confessed.

PURITY.

At Matins.

O Stella Jacob fulgida.

O STAR of Jacob ! shining bright,
More brilliant than the rising morn ;
Compared with thy most radiant light,
The stars of all their beams are shorn.

Clad in white robes without a stain,
The Angel-choir its tribute brings,
The consecrated Virgin train
Eternally thy praises sings.

And then they twine their wreaths for thee,
Of snowy bells and lilies fair ;
But though so fair, their purity
With thine, fair Queen, cannot compare.

The lowly earth its voice doth raise
To mingle with the Angels' songs,
The stars re-echo that sweet praise
Which to the Virgin-Queen belongs.

Jesus, mayst Thou all praise inherit,
Who art the Child of Mary blest ;
To Father and the Holy Spirit
Eternal praises be confessed.



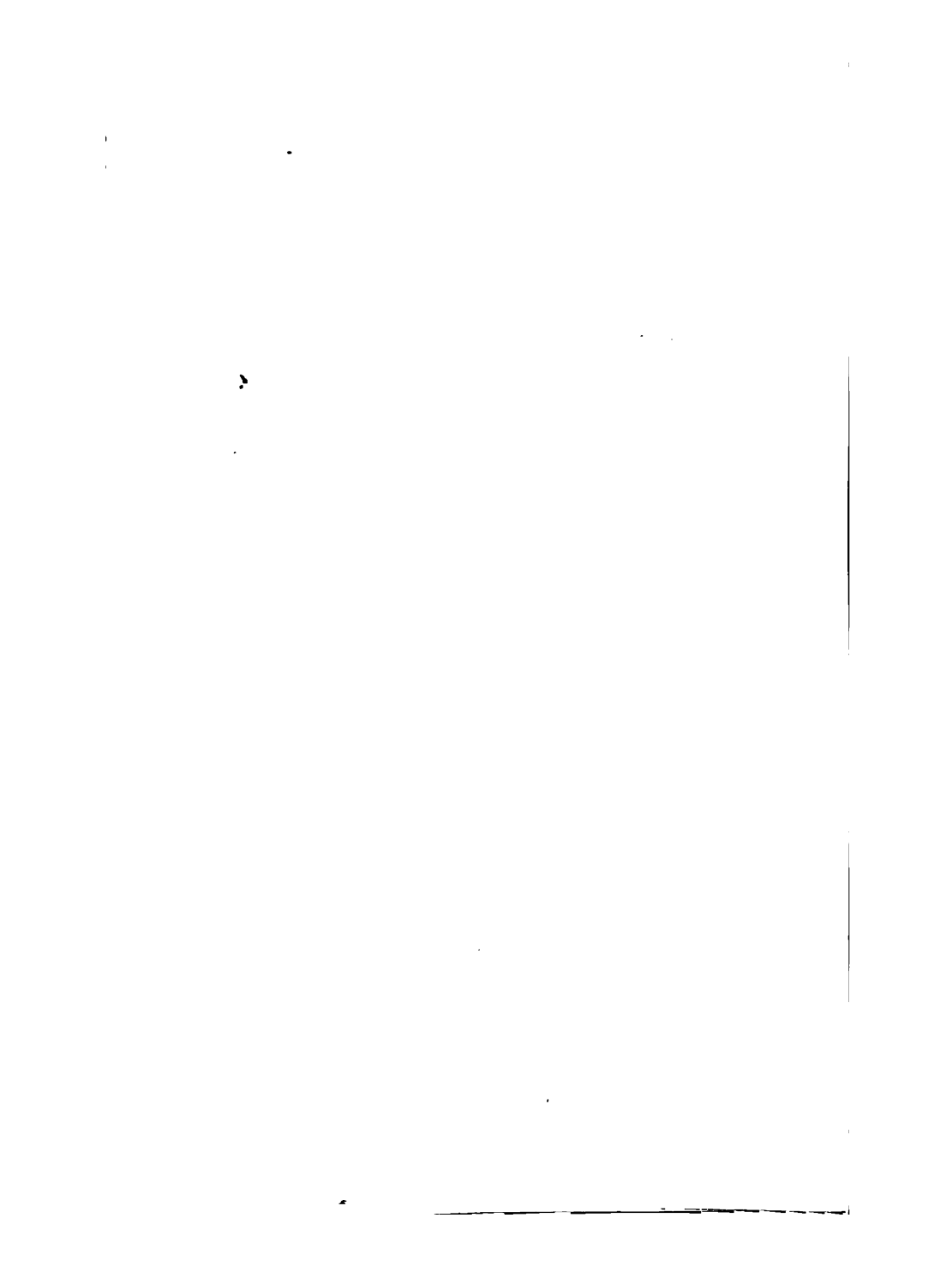


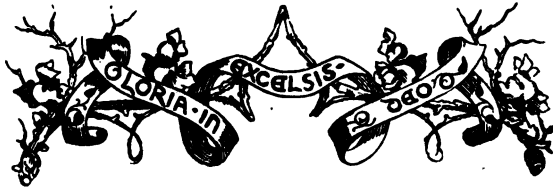
Hymns from Common Office of
Saints.



AT MATINS, LAUDS, AND VESPERS.







Common Office of Saints.



OF APOSTLES.

At Matins.

Æterna Christi munera.



COME with your canticles, come with your lays,
With hearts full of gladness, your palm-branches
wave ;

Their glory to welcome, the gift of God's grace,
The glory which Christ to His chosen ones gave.

The churches acknowledge your labours abounding,
Captains of prowess with victory crowned,
Soldiers the throne of their Chieftain surrounding,
Light to enlighten the darkness profound.

Faith, the strong shield against heresy's aims ;
Hope, the sure anchor whereby we hold fast ;
Love, which makes perfect the soul it inflames ;—
These weapons our foes in confusion shall cast.

In these is the Father's great glory confessed,
In these is the Son's famous victory proved,
In these doth the Spirit complacently rest,
Through these are the Heavens with sweet raptures moved.

To the Father all glory, to the Son be all praise,
To the Spirit, proceeding from Father and Son,
As it was in the past time, so be it always :
All glory for ever while ages shall run.

At Lauds and Vespers.

Exultet orbis gaudiis.

Now let the World with joy abound,
Now let our praises rend the sky,
Let Earth and Heaven the glory sound
Of those whom Christ would magnify.

Your thrones shall judge the World one day,
To all the World your light doth shine ;
To you we cry, to you we pray,
Unto our suppliant prayers incline.

'Tis yours to shut the heavenly gate,
And at your word it opens wide ;
By your command, we supplicate,
Unloose the bonds with which we're tied.

The frames that droop with slow decay,
Obey your mandate and revive ;
O heal the souls that faint away !
With added virtues make us live.

That when our Lord, the Judge of all,
On the last day shall come again,
We may be ready at His call,
With Him in endless bliss to reign.

To Father and the Son we bow,
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore ;
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.

PASCHAL TIME.

At Vespers and Matins.

Tristes erant Apostoli.

THE Apostles were stricken with grief,
For Jesus, now laid in the grave,
Condemned to the Cross like a thief,
He died by the hand of His slave.

The Angel's prediction came true,
Which he to the women made known :
" Soon Christ shall Himself to the view
Of His joyful disciples be shown."

While they hasten their tidings to tell
To the Apostles, o'erwhelmed in affliction,
At the sight of His footprints they fell,
To implore their dear Lord's benediction.

To Galilee's mountain they wend,
His last blessed footprints to kiss ;
They see Him in glory ascend,
That vision o'erwhelms them with bliss.

O Jesus ! our blest Consolation,
With Thy joys may our bosom be rife ;
Deliver from Death's condemnation
The souls Thou hast quickened with life.

To the Father all glory is due ;
To the Son, who from death rose again ;
To the Paraclete, let us renew
Our praise, while the Godhead doth reign.



At Lauds.

Paschale mundo gaudium.

THE sun with more than wonted grace
Glad tidings brings of paschal joy ;
The Apostles look on Jesu's Face—
No other light with that can vie.

The wounds which for our sins He bore,
Shine brighter than the starry skies ;
What they beheld on Mount Thabòr,
Their faithful witness testifies.

O Jesus ! our most gracious King,
Possess our hearts with love's sweet flame,
And teach our grateful tongue to sing
The glory of Thy holy Name.

O Jesus ! give us paschal joys,
Which never from our soul shall part ;
Awake our souls, by Thy sweet Voice,
To that new life Thou dost impart.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

OF A MARTYR.

At Vespers and Matins.

Deus Tuorum militum.

O GOD ! the Portion of Thy Saints,
Their Crown, their blessed Recompense ;
Whilst we their glory now enhance,
Absolve us from our many sins.

This Martyr spurned all worldly bliss,
And joys which tempt the unwary soul ;
Their sweets to him were bitterness,
And so he reached the heavenly goal.

Courageously he bore his pains,
And looked on death without dismay ;
Dying for Thee, he now obtains
Those joys which never shall decay.

Therefore our suppliant prayers we make
To Thee, our Father ever dear,
That for Thy blessed Martyr's sake
Thou wouldst remit the pains we fear.

Praise and eternal glory be
To God the Father and the Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onwards run.

At Lauds.

Invicta Martyr, unicum.

GREAT Martyr ! who thyself didst show
A follower true of God the Son,
O'er all thy foes triumphant now,
Thou dost enjoy what thou hast won.

O may thy powerful prayers obtain
Remission of our sinfulness :
Let nothing ill our conscience stain,
And banish life's sad weariness.

The sacred bonds which once contained
Thy blessed soul are now untied ;
Release us too, whom sin has chained,
By His sweet grace who for us died.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.



OF MARTYRS—IN PASCHAL TIME.

At Vespers.

• *Rex gloriose Martyrum.* •

JESUS ! the glorious Martyrs' King,
Thy faithful servants' Joy and Crown,
Despising every earthly thing,
Thou bring'st them to a heavenly throne.

O Lord ! make no delay, but lend
Thine Ear attentive to our cries,
And pardon us what we offend,
Whilst we proclaim their victories.

Thine is the victory they achieve,
Thou sparest all who seek Thy Face ;
Do Thou our guiltiness relieve,
Who art the Source of every grace.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Son who rose again,
And, Paraclete, the like to Thee ;
Let age to age repeat the strain.

At Matins.

Christo profusum sanguinem.

LET us sing how Martyrs bled,
How their blood for Christ was shed ;
Gladly let our voice proclaim
Triumphs of their deathless fame.

Tyrants' threats could not appal,
Nor the blows which on them fall ;
Speedy death brings endless rest,
Now they dwell among the blest.

Some are doomed in flames to burn,
Some by wild beasts' fangs are torn ;
Armed with engines of their skill,
Torturers work their cruel will.

Whilst their limbs are hacked and hewed,
In their sacred blood imbrued,
Steadfast still they stand and die—
Heaven rewards the victory.

Blest Redeemer ! we implore Thee,
Grant to us who now adore Thee,
With the glorious Martyrs' band
Ever in Thy Sight to stand.

OF MARTYRS—OUT OF PASCHAL TIME.

At Vespers.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.

LET us proclaim the Martyrs' bliss,
And noble deeds, by which they won
Their title to that happiness—
No trophies glitter like their own.

The foolish World thought them unwise,
But they from Thy example learned
Its empty follies to despise ;
To reign with Thee alone they yearned.

For Thee they bore the tyrant's frown :
Vain are his stripes, his tortures vain ;
What though the sword may hew them down,
Their soul shall never feel the pain.

The sword doth mow them down like sheep :
No murmur's heard, not e'en a sigh ;
But calmly they their patience keep,
In conscious innocence they die.

What tongue can tell the rapturous bliss
Thy Martyrs doth encompass now ?
Each drop of blood a ruby is
To deck the laurels on their brow.

O God supreme ! one God, we pray
Keep far from us each hurtful thing,
And grant Thy servants peace alway—
May we Thy praises ever sing.

OF CONFESSORS.

At Vespers and Matins.

Iste Confessor, Domini colentes.

O'ER all the World the faithful sing,
O Confessor of Christ ! thy praise,
Who on this day by grace didst win
A throne which shall endure always.

Pious and prudent, humble, chaste,
In simple truth thy life was spent ;
Whilst in the flesh, thy soul fulfilled
The term of its long banishment.

The frames with sickness sore oppressed
Thine efficacious aid implore ;
Thy prayers can conquer all disease,
And languid limbs to health restore.

Therefore we sing thy praises now,
And laurels won in deadly strife,
That by thy prayers we may obtain
The crown of everlasting life.

To Him who sits upon the throne,
All honour, praise, and glory be,
Who rules the courses of the spheres,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three.

OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

At Lauds.

Jesu, Redemptor omnium.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind !
The Pontiff's Crown, which ne'er shall fade,
Be Thou to us this day inclined,
Who seek Thy wonted mercy's aid ;

For on this day the glory shines
Of one whose life confessed Thy Name—
This day the grateful Church consigns
To memory of his saintly fame.

He wisely knew how to despise
All worldly joys that pass away ;
Now with the Angels he enjoys
The bliss which never shall decay.

O deign to grant, by Thy sweet grace,
That we may in his footsteps tread,
And through his prayers do Thou efface
The doom which by our sins we dread.

To Christ, our King compassionate,
And to the Father glory be;
To Holy Ghost, our Advocate,
Both now and through eternity.

OF A CONFESSOR NOT A BISHOP.

At Lauds.

Jesu, Corona celsior.

JESUS, surpassing Happiness !
And Truth excelling everything,
Rewarding with eternal bliss
The Saints who own Thee for their King ;

For sake of this Thy servant lend
Thine Ear attentive to our cry,
And pardon what we may offend,
Unloose the bonds which sin doth tie.

The gliding year brings round the day,
The happy day, whose blessed light
Guided this Saint upon his way
To realms beyond our mortal sight.

The joys of Earth to him were naught,
And all its ample wealth he spurned ;
He deemed them all with poison fraught,
For joys of Heaven alone he yearned.

O Christ ! our good and gracious King,
Thy servant always served Thee well,
Conquered the subtle Serpent's sting,
And put to flight the hosts of Hell.

Renowned in virtue and in faith,
His ceaseless vows to Thee he made ;
His lifelong penance after death
With heavenly banquets is repaid.

Therefore this humble prayer we make,
O God most merciful and true !
That for Thy holy servant's sake
Thou wouldst remit our penance due.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onward run.

OF A VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

At Matins.

Virginis Proles, Opifexque Matris.

O VIRGIN'S Offspring ! Who Thy Mother didst create,
A Virgin bore Thee, and a Virgin gave Thee birth ;
A Virgin's triumph now our hymns commemorate,
Who by her death obtained a life of priceless worth.

For she doth wear a wreath with double grace entwined :
 Her happy lot it was the passions to subdue ;
 The tyrant with his tortures could not appal her mind,
 She triumphed o'er herself and o'er the tyrant too.

And so she feared not death, nor was she terrified
 By all the thousand torments the torturers could devise ;
 Her virgin's blood she gladly shed, and by the death she died
 She merited a Martyr's crown in Heaven's cloudless skies.

O God ! for this Thy Virgin's sake we humbly Thee implore,
 That Thou wouldst unto us remit the pains for us ordained,
 That so we may in purity Thy Majesty adore,
 And worthy be to sing Thy praise with hearts and lips
 unstained.

To God the Father glory be, and to His only Son,
 And unto Thee, Who with Them both art equal God confessed,
 O Holy Spirit ! to the Three who reign in Godhead One,
 O may Thy Name through every age by every tongue be
 blessed !

OF A VIRGIN NOT A MARTYR.

Virginis Proles, Opifexque Matris.

O VIRGIN'S Offspring ! Who Thy Mother didst create,
 A Virgin bore Thee, and a Virgin gave Thee birth ;
 A Virgin's festival our hymns commemorate,
 Who by her merits won a life of priceless worth.

O God ! for this Thy Virgin's sake we humbly Thee implore,
That Thou wouldst unto us remit the pains for us ordained,
That so we may in purity Thy Majesty adore,
And worthy be to sing Thy praise with hearts and lips
unstained.

To God the Father glory be, and to His only Son,
And unto Thee, Who with Them both art equal God confessed,
O Holy Ghost ! unto the Three who reign in Godhead One,
O may Thy Name through every age by every tongue be
blessed !

OF VIRGINS.

At Lauds.

Jesu, Corona Virginum.

JESUS, the Virgins' Crown, their Spouse,
Who wast Thyself of Virgin born,
To whom admiring Nature bows,
Accept our grateful hymns this morn.

Thy path amongst the lilies lies,
A troop of Virgins is Thy train ;
The Bridegroom, in whose beaming eyes
Thy Spouses their reward obtain.

.

Where Thou dost go, that Virgin-choir
Doth follow Thee with hymns of praise ;
With music of the lute and lyre,
And concord of melodious lays.

O deign to hear Thy suppliants' prayers !
Refine our sinful senses so,
That freed from Satan's sinful snares,
Corruption's stain they may not know.

All honour, praise, and glory be
To God the Father and the Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onward run.

OF HOLY WOMEN.

At Matins.

Hujus oratu, Deus alme, nobis.

O GOD ! for this Thy servants' sake we humbly Thee implore,
That Thou wouldst unto us remit the pains for us ordained,
That so we may in purity Thy Majesty adore,
And worthy be to sing, Thy praise with hearts and lips unstained.

To God the Father glory be, and to His only Son,
And unto Thee, Who with Them both art equal God confessed,
O Holy Ghost ! unto the Three who reign in Godhead One,
O may Thy Name through every age by every tongue be
blessed !

At Lauds and Vespers.

Fortem, virili pectore.

THE valiant woman let us praise,
And courage of her manful heart,
Whose saintly fame hath spread its rays
To light the World, a flaming dart.

With love divine her bosom burns,
All worldly love she doth disdain ;
For joys of Heaven alone she yearns,
For that she doth endure the pain.

By abstinence the flesh she tames ;
Sweet contemplation doth supply
Her mind with food, until it claims
Its portion with the Saints on high.

O Christ, our King ! Strength of the brave,
Who dost alone great things achieve,
O may her prayers move Thee to save
Thy suppliants, and their prayers receive !

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

At Vespers and Matins.

Cœlestis Urbs, Jerusalem.

CELESTIAL City ! Salem blest !
Thy peaceful vision greets our eyes,
Thy walls on Christ's foundation rest,
Thy towers surmount the starry skies ;
All like a bride engirdled round
With Angels, who thy courts surround.

How happily thou'rt wedded now !
The Father's glory is thy dower,
The Bridegroom's grace is on thy brow ;
A queen in beauty, rank, and power,
To Christ fast bound by nuptial ties,
A shining temple of the skies.

Thy gates, adorned with jewels fair,
Stand open—all may enter in ;
'Tis virtue must the heart prepare
Of him who seeks thy courts to win,

Who for the love of Christ sustains
The torments which His Will ordains.

The stones which form thy massive walls
With stroke on stroke the chisel hews,
The workman's frequent hammer falls
To make them shapely for his use ;
Then deftly joins them each to each,
Until thy towers their summit reach.

To God the Father, God Most High,
Let all the world give honour meet ;
And praise the Son with ceaseless cry,
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
To whom be power, glory, praise,
Through lapse of everlasting days.

At Lauds.

Alto ex Olympi vertice.

FROM lofty summit of high Heaven
The Son of God now earthward tends,
As when a stone from mountain riven
Unto the lowest plains descends ;
He came to join each corner-stone
Of Heaven and Earth, and make them one.

The courts above with joyful lays
Of Angel-choirs for ever ring ;
While they the Triune-Godhead praise
With ceaseless anthems which they sing,
May we blest Sion's rivals be,
And join in that sweet melody.

O King of all the heavenly choir !
These temples fill with gracious light ;
When Thou art called, O deign t' inspire
Our minds, and guide our vows aright !
May streams of grace from Heaven fill
Our hearts with strength to do Thy Will.

And may the faithful by their prayer,
Poured forth in this terrestrial fane,
The heavenly temple's blessing share ;
And in that blessing joy obtain,
Until from bonds of flesh set free,
They reign eternally with Thee.

To God the Father, God Most High,
Let all the World give honour meet ;
And praise the Son with ceaseless cry,
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
To whom be power, glory, praise,
Through lapse of everlasting days.





Hymns from Proper Office of
Saints.



AT VESPERS, MATINS, AND LAUDS.





Proper Office of Saints.



ST MICHAEL.

At Vespers and Matins.

Te, Splendor et Virtus Patris.

JESU, to whom our heart aspires,
The Father's splendour and His power,
We praise Thee with the Angel-choirs,
Who do Thy bidding every hour.

A thousand times a thousand stand
In panoply of war arrayed ;
While Michael, chieftain of that band,
The standard bears—a Cross displayed.

'Tis he who hurls the dragon down
Into the lowest pit of Hell ;
Scathed by his brand, Satan is thrown
From Heaven with all who did rebel.

Him for our leader we will own
Against the haughty king of pride ;
So shall the Lamb from His bright throne
A glorious crown for us provide.

To Father and the Son we bow ;
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.

At Lauds.

Christe, sanctorum Decus Angelorum.

O CHRIST ! the Angels' Joy and Crown,
Man's Maker and Redeemer blest,
May we one day possess the throne
Of bliss in Heaven's peaceful rest.

May Michael, Prince of Peace, descend
From Heaven, with us on Earth to dwell
May he bring peace to us, and send
Back to their home the hosts of Hell.

May Gabriel, Prince of Power, subdue
Our ancient foe, and once again
Those consecrated temples view
Which his victorious arms maintain.

May Raphael, Angel of our health,
Bring healing on his holy wings ;
When Satan tempts us by his stealth,
May he control our wanderings.

Thou Queen and Source of heavenly light,
And you, ye blessed Angel-choirs,
Ye Saints who dwell in glory bright,
Inflame our hearts with rapture's fires.

Grant this, O Godhead ever blest !
Dwelling in Father and in Son,
And Spirit, by the World confessed,
In majesty and glory One.

ST GABRIEL.

At Lauds.

Placare, Christe, servulis.

O BE not angry, Lord ! with those
For whom Thy Mother intercedes ;
With pity moved for all our woes,
Before the throne of grace she pleads.

Ye Angels, too, around the throne
In nine ascending choirs arrayed,
Bid past and present ills begone—
May those which threaten be allayed.

Drive far away the faithless race,
Nor with the faithful let them stay ;
That so, one flock in every place,
All may one Shepherd's voice obey.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
For ever while the ages run.

ANOTHER HYMN.

Pallidi tandem procul hinc timores.

BEGONE, pale fear ! see Gabriel stands
And brandishes his mighty sword ;
The foe retreats when he commands,
He whom we feared himself is awed.

Descending in a cloud of light,
To Mary he the secret tells,
Which fills the World with pure delight,
That God Incarnate with her dwells.

Now let the stormy waves calm down,
Now let the tempest's rage be still ;
Let sorrow now no more be known,
For God hath changed His angry Will.

O race of Adam ! ransomed soon,
Applaud His Messenger of grace ;
He comes, whose death shall bring the boon
Of freedom to a captive race.

O heavenly guardian ! rule our hearts ;
O warrior ! be our champion brave ;
Defeat all Satan's subtle arts,
And let thy banner o'er us wave.

To Father and the Son be praise,
To Him who from Them both proceeds ;
To Him the World its homage pays,
Who for the World He made still pleads.

ST RAPHAEL.

At Vespers and Matins.

Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris.

SPLENDOUR of glory all divine,
The life and strength of mortal breast ;
Lo ! in Thy Angels' sight we sing
With heart and voice, O Jesu blest !
Our choirs alternately intone
Sweet melody before Thy throne.

With lowly homage we salute
The Princes of the host of Heaven ;
But, more than all, blest Raphael,
To men for their Physician given ;
In all our ways our faithful guide,
Who by his power the demon tied.

With such a guide drive far away,
O Christ, our good and gracious King !
Our foes with all their subtle wiles,
And in Thy mercy deign to bring
The hearts which Thy grace purifies
Once more to Thy sweet Paradise.

To God the Father let us sing
Melodious canticles of praise,
To Christ the Son, and Paraclete,
Our acclamations let us raise,
Who reign One God in Persons Three,
And reign through all eternity.

At Lauds.

Christe, sanctorum Decus Angelorum.

O CHRIST ! the Angels' Joy and Crown,
Man's Ruler and Creator blest,
May we one day possess the throne
Of bliss in Heaven's peaceful rest.

Send Raphael, Angel of our health,
With healing on his holy wings ;
When Satan tempts us by his stealth,
May he control our wanderings.

May Mary, Source of heavenly light,
May all the blessed Angel-choirs,
And Saints who dwell in glory bright,
Inflame our hearts with rapture's fires.

Grant this, O Godhead ever blest !
Dwelling in Father and in Son,
And Spirit, by the World confessed,
In majesty and glory One.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

At Vespers and Matins.

Custodes hominum psallimus Angelos.

THE guardian Angels' praises let us sing,
Whose blest companionship our God bestows
Upon our nature frail, that they may bring
Their timely help against our crafty foes.

The fallen angel burns with jealous hate
To see himself deposèd from his throne,
And strives to exclude from his vacated seat
The souls whom God hath called to wear the crown.

Therefore, O watchful guardian ! hither come ;
And may thy holy presence ever curb,
Within the heart which has been made thy home,
The sinful passions which our peace disturb.

To Holy Trinity be grateful praise,
Whose ceaseless Providence doth still control
The Universe of things—to endless days
That glory reigns supreme from pole to pole.

At Lauds.

Æterne Rector siderum.

ETERNAL RULER of the skies,
Who didst create with mighty power
Whatever is—Thy watchful eyes
All things contemplate hour by hour.

O hear our suppliant request,
Which we, though guilty, dare to make ;
Now when the light dawns in the east,
May Thy new light our slumbers break.

O send Thine holy Angel thence,
Our guardian by Thy choice assigned,
That we may walk without offence
In purity of heart and mind.

May he destroy the treacherous snares
Which our most jealous foes devise,
Lest we be taken unawares
By specious frauds which mock our eyes.

O Angel of our fatherland !
Drive far away the foe we fear ;
Let peace return at thy command,
And may no plague corrupt the air.

To God the Father endless praise ;
May He, whose Son for sinners died,
And healed with unction of His grace,
His Angel send to be our Guide.



ST JOSEPH.

At Vespers.

Te, Joseph, celebrent agmina Cœlitum.

ANGELIC choirs, O Joseph, sing thy praise !
And Christians' voices echo back their lays ;
O Saint renowned ! thy merits who shall tell,
Whose wondrous privilege it was to dwell
As Mary's plighted Spouse, Virgin and Spouse as well.

But, lo ! a mystery grows before thine eyes ;
Thou lookest on with anxious surprise,
Until an angel comes to calm thy fears,
Reveals the mystery to thy raptured ears,
That Mary in her womb the Incarnate Wisdom bears.

Thy bosom was the cradle of the Lord,
His flight thou didst contrive from Herod's sword ;
When on His Father's business He would speak,
To find the lost one thou didst anxious seek,
And tears of joy chased tears of sorrow down thy cheek.

Whilst other Saints after their death have earned
By dying that reward for which they yearned,
To thee was given in thy life to know
The happiness which is thy portion now—
More blessed in thy lot than all of them art thou.

O Blessed Trinity ! propitious be
To us Thy suppliants, who kneel to Thee ;
Grant us by Joseph's merits to ascend,
That with the Angels' voices ours may blend
In canticles of praise through ages without end.

At Matins.

Ccelitum, Joseph, decus, atque nostræ.

O JOSEPH ! glory of the heavenly choir,
To thee do all our hopes of life aspire ;
Thou art the staff our weary steps to stay,
Deign to accept the homage which we pay
With joyful hearts and voices on thy festal day.

The eternal Father chose thee for the Spouse
Of Mary, and the guardian of her vows ;
He too did deign with thee the name to share
Of Father of the Word—to thee the care
Was given over Him Who came our sins to bear.

The World's Redeemer in a stable lies,
Long time foretold by ancient prophecies ;
Whom Prophets sung thou seest face to face :
O with what joy thou didst that Child embrace,
And, falling on thy knees, didst supplicate His Grace !

The King of kings and Lord of lords, whose throne
Controls the Universe, and at whose frown
The gates of Hell do tremble to their base,
Whom Angels worship prostrate on their face,
Obedience yields to thee, a child of Adam's race.

May praise unending to the Godhead be,
Who reigns for ever blessed One in Three ;
Who crowns thee, Joseph, with a glorious wreath,
May He through thee save us from endless death,
In His embrace may we yield up our parting breath.

At Vands.

Iste, quem, læti, colimus fideles.

REJOICE, ye faithful, on this happy day
The tribute of your love to Joseph pay,
Your hymns of triumph to his honour raise
Who on this day received the meed of praise,
And never-fading crown of life which ne'er decays.

O happy he, thrice happy and thrice blessed,
Whose dying gaze in his last hour did rest
On Jesu and on Mary. What a grace
That they should smooth his pillow, and should trace
His hopes of future bliss upon their smiling face !

Death had no terrors that could trouble thee,
From bonds of flesh his stroke did set thee free ;
As o'er the senses steals a gentle swoon,
Thou didst awake, and find a heavenly throne
And crown of glory decked with many a precious stone.

From that bright throne look down upon us now,
Thy gracious help unto thy suppliants show ;
Forgiveness for our sins do thou obtain ;
May gifts of grace descend as gentle rain
Upon our hearts, that we the prize of life may gain.

All praise, O God, and honour be to Thee,
In nature One, and yet in Persons Three ;
Praise Him for aye who is our Sovereign Lord,
All ye who serve Him, praise with one accord,
Who will His faithful servants with bright crowns reward.

ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.

At Vespers.

Ut queant, laus resonare fibris.

THAT we may worthy be in tuneful strain
To sing the wondrous works which thou hast done,
O cleanse our lips from every guilty stain,
O blest St John !

A messenger from lofty Heaven is sent,
And to thy sire foretells thy future birth,
Thy name, and how thy life is to be spent
Upon the earth.

But he mistrusted the prophetic word,
Those doubts to him the power of language cost,
Until thy birth the faculty restored
Which he had lost.

When in thy mother's womb thou didst repose,
Thou didst unto thy King thy homage make,
Each mother then her secret did disclose
For her child's sake.

Praise to the Father and His only Son,
Co-equal with Them both, the like to Thee,
O Spirit ! praise unto the Godhead One
For ever be.

At Matins.

Antra deserti, teneris sub annis.

THY childhood's home the desert was,
Thou didst avoid the city's strife,
Lest sinful words thy lips might pass
To stain thy life.

Thy garment was of camel's hair,
Thy mantle was the fleecy hide,
Locusts and honey frugal fare
To thee supplied.

All other bards but prophesied
The light which never on them shined,
But thou didst point Him out who died
To save mankind.

None holier than thou, St John,
In all the World was ever seen,
Baptizing Him who did atone
For all our sin.

Glory to Father and to Son,
And equal glory be to Thee,
O Spirit ! to the Godhead One
All glory be.

At Lauds.

O nimis felix, meritique celsi.

THRICE happy, thou exalted Saint ;
Thy purity doth know no stain,
To shed thy blood thou wert content
Thy crown to gain.

Thy home was in the forest caves,
The greatest of the Prophets thou ;
Though many a garland brightly waves
Upon the brow

Of Saints in bliss, and others have
As many more, to thee indeed
Full thrice as much as they receive
Hath been decreed.

O by thy merits win us grace ;
Take from our heart the leaden weight ;
Make smooth our path, and devious ways
Do thou make straight.

Thus may our Lord a dwelling find,
When He to visit us shall deign,
Within the sanctuary of a mind
Free from all stain.

May blessed Saints Thy praises sing,
O Godhead One in Persons Three !
O spare the souls, our Lord and King,
Redeemed by Thee.



SS. PETER AND PAUL.

*At Vespers.**Decora lux æternitatis auream.*

THE splendour of eternal Light
Scatters its rays of glory bright,
And ushers in a welcome sight.

The great Apostles on this day
Assume the sceptre's regal sway ;
Sinners to Heaven find a way.

The one the keys of Heaven bears,
And to the World the truth declares,
Rome's founders, both, who rule the spheres.

The one victorious by the brand,
The other by the Cross, they stand
Amidst the laurel-crownèd band.

O happy Rome ! upon whose brow
The blood which from their wounds did flow
Eternal glory doth bestow.

Go, gather every shining gem,
And form them in one diadem,
Rome's glory will excel all them.

All honour, power, and glory be
To the undivided Trinity,
Both now and through eternity.

At Lauds.

Beate Pastor, Petre, Clemens, accipe.

BLEST shepherd of Christ's flock so dear,
Our suppliant voices deign to hear,
Release us from the doom we fear.

Thy word unlocks the heavenly gate
To those who mourn their exiled state,
Thy word can seal their hopeless fate.

O Paul ! great teacher of our race,
Instruct our lives in virtue's ways,
Our hearts with thee to Heaven raise ;

That when the veil away is ta'en,
And faith is changed to vision plain,
Love like the sun supreme may reign.

All honour, power, and glory be
To the undivided Trinity,
Both now and through eternity.

*ST PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.**At Vespers and Matins.**Quodcumque, in orbe, nexibus revinxeris.*

THE bonds on earth by Peter tied
Shall be in Heaven ratified ;
His verdict all things must abide.

And what his power doth loosen here
Shall be absolved in heavenly sphere,
The World from him its doom shall hear.

All glory to the Father be
Through endless ages, and to Thee,
O Son ! we sing our psalmody.

To Thee, O Spirit blest ! be praise,
And glory throughout length of days—
Praise to the Trinity always.

*At Lauds.**Beate Pastor, Petre, clemens, accipe.*

BLEST shepherd of Christ's flock so dear,
Our suppliant voices deign to hear,
Release us from the doom we fear.

Thy word unlocks the heavenly gate
To those who mourn their exiled state,
Thy word can seal their hopeless fate.

All honour, power, and glory be
To the undivided Trinity,
Both now and through eternity.

CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.

At Vespers.

Egregie Doctor, Paule, mores instrue.

O PAUL ! great teacher of our race,
Instruct our lives in virtue's ways,
Our hearts with thee to Heaven raise ;

That when the veil away is ta'en,
And faith is changed to vision plain,
Love like the sun supreme may reign.

All honour, power, and glory be
To the undivided Trinity,
Both now and through eternity.

ST PETER'S CHAINS.

At Vespers.

Miris modis, repente, liber ferrea.

IN wondrous ways thou art set free,
O Peter ! by our Lord's decree ;
No iron chains can fetter thee.

O shepherd of Christ's flock, indeed !
Thou guardest them with watchful heed,
To wholesome pastures thou dost lead.

Waters of life thy care supplies,
The flock with thee in safety lies,
The ravenous wolf before thee flies.

All glory to the Father be
Through countless ages, and to Thee,
O Son ! we sing our psalmody.

To Thee, O Spirit blest ! be praise,
And glory throughout length of days—
Praise to the Trinity always.

ALL SAINTS.

At Vespers and Matins.

Placare, Christe, servulis.

O BE not angry, Lord ! with those
For whom Thy Mother intercedes ;
With pity moved for all our woes,
Before the throne of grace she pleads.

Ye Angels, too, around the throne
In nine ascending choirs arrayed,
Bid past and present ills begone—
May those which threaten be allayed.

Ye Prophets and Apostles too,
Beseech our Judge, whose frown we dread,
To hear our sighs, heartfelt and true,
And spare us for the tears we shed.

Ye Martyrs, clad in stoles of red,
Ye Confessors, in robes of white,
The trophies of the life you led,
Call us unto the realms of light.

O tuneful train of Virgins chaste !
And you who from your desert home,
Enthroned amid the stars are placed,
Bid us unto your presence come.

Drive far away the faithless race,
Nor with the faithful let them stay ;
That so, one flock in every place,
All may one Shepherd's voice obey.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
For ever while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Salutis æternæ Dator.

JESUS, our Saviour adored,
Help those for whom Thou didst atone.
O Virgin, Mother of our Lord !
Obtain for us salvation's boon.

And all ye myriad Angel-choirs,
And all ye patriarchal bands ;
Ye Prophets with seraphic lyres,
Crave grace for him who guilty stands.

Saint John, forerunner of our Lord,
Thou who dost keep the key of Heaven,
With all the Apostles, by your word
May all our sinful bonds be riven.

Triumphant band of Martyrs blest,
Ye choirs arrayed in priestly stole,
Ye faithful trains of Virgins chaste,
Let nothing more defile our soul.

All ye who in the lofty hall
Of Heaven your princely sceptres wield,
Look down on us who humbly call
For grace which Heaven alone can yield.

All honour, praise, and glory be
To God the Father and the Son ;
And, Holy Ghost, the like to Thee,
While endless ages onward run.





Feasts of the Martyrs.



HOLY INNOCENTS.

At Matins.

Audit tyrannus anxius.

THE tyrant hears, and not in vain,
That Christ the King of kings is born ;
O'er Israel's people He shall reign,
And David's throne He shall adorn.

The monarch cries in frantic rage,
The usurper comes, we are undone ;
On, lictor, with your sword, and wage
Relentless war, and spare not one !

But what avails so foul a deed,
 And what advantage does he reap !
 The only lake who does not bleed
 Is Christ amid the slaughter-heap.

O Jesus, born of Virgin blest,
 Eternal glory be to Thee !
 With Father and Spirit God confessed.
 From age to age eternally.

At Vands.

Salvete ! flores Martyrum.

HAIL, flowers of martyrdom so bright !
 Scarce born to earth yet ripe for Heaven ;
 As chilling winds the flow'rets blight,
 Your life is spent e'er it is given.

First offering to our Lord are ye,
 And tender victims for His sake ;
 The Martyrs' Crown, with childish glee,
 Your sport and plaything you do make.

All glory, Jesus, be to Thee,
 Of Mary born, a Virgin blest ;
 To Father and the Spirit be
 One glory, every age confessed.

ST MARTINA.

At Matins.

Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini.

O SONS of Rome ! sound high Martina's praise,
And sing the glory of her deathless fame ;
Unto a Virgin songs of triumph raise,
Who died a Martyr for Christ's holy Name.

A noble maiden, sprung from lineage high,
Her path with roses in this World was strewn,
And nurtured in the lap of luxury,
All that the World could give she called her own.

All this she sacrificed for Christ's sweet sake ;
Unto the Lord of all she gives her all ;
The poor of Christ of all her wealth partake ;
Nought else but God can satisfy her soul.

Nor torturing engine, nor the savage beast,
Nor cruel scourge can shake her constancy ;
Angels from Heaven provide a sumptuous feast,
And heavenly viands to the maid supply.

The lion even lays aside his wrath,
And gently fawning, crouches at her feet ;
Until the sword doth cleave for her a path,
And heavenly choirs another Martyr greet.

Our altar redolent of fragrant fumes,
Its ceaseless homage pays unto her name ;
And from that name an omen it assumes
Against the evil one's deceitful aim.

Keep far from us all dangerous delight,
O God ! who comfortest Thy Martyr's pain ;
One God in Persons Three, bestow Thy Light,
Wherein our souls true happiness obtain.

At Lauds.

Tu, natale solum protege ; tu, bonæ.

BE thou the guardian of thy native land,
And to all Christian nations grant repose
From din of arms, and every hostile band—
From all our borders drive away our foes.

Bid Christian princes marshal all their force
Beneath the sacred standard of the Rood,
To avenge sweet Salem's sacrilegious loss,
And crush the Paynim red with guiltless blood.

On thee our hopes are built, as on a tower ;
Receive the homage we now humbly pay,
The vows which Rome accomplishes this hour,
With pious rites, and canticles' sweet lay.

Keep far from us all dangerous delight,
O God ! who comfortest Thy Martyr's pain ;
One God in Persons Three, bestow Thy Light,
Wherein our souls true happiness obtain.

ST HERMENEGILD.

At Vespers and Lauds.

Regali solio fortis Iberiæ.

BRIGHT ornament of brave Iberia's throne,
Hermenegild, a glorious Martyr stands
Among the throng, whom love of Christ alone
Hath given companionship with Angel-bands.

How constantly thou dost fulfil thy vow,
Which thou hast plighted to thy Sovereign Lord !
To this all other purposes must bow ;
Each wrongful impulse finds thee on thy guard.

Concupiscence o'er thee no power hath
To tempt thee from thy rectitude to stray ;
No doubtful course is thine, but where the path
Of faith leads on, thou dost pursue thy way.

To God the Father endless glory be,
 Let every creature honour God the Son ;
 To Holy Ghost, through all eternity,
 Honour supreme be given by every one.

At Matins.

Nullis te genitor blanditiis trahit.

THY father's blandishments are all in vain,
 Luxurious ease cannot lead thee astray ;
 No glittering diadem thy heart can gain,
 Nor high ambition of the kingly sway.

Thou dost not fear the sword upraised to smite,
 The headsman's fury cannot thee appal ;
 For thou preferrest realms of glorious light
 To joys of Earth, which soon shall perish all.

From that bright heavenly throne protect us now,
 And of thy clemency propitious be
 Unto our prayers, who wearest on thy brow
 The laurel wreath of Martyr's victory.

To God the Father endless glory be,
 Let every creature honour God the Son ;
 To Holy Ghost, through all eternity,
 Homage supreme be given by every one.

*ST JOHN NEPOMUCEN.**At First Vespers.**Invictus heros Numinis.*

UNDAUNTED champion of thy Lord,
Though Moldau shall a tomb afford ;
No threats can move thee to reveal
The secret which thy lips doth seal.

The tyrant threatens thee with death,
His tortures rob thee of thy breath ;
With manacles thy hands are bound,
While cruel flames thy limbs surround.

But John despises all these pains,
The monarch's anger he disdains,
The secret he will not make known,
Nor break the seal to gain a crown.

Mute as a guileless lamb he stands,
Obedient to God's commands ;
The baffled king the just man throws
Into the river as it flows.

From lofty bridge he's headlong cast,
The waters close o'er him at last ;
But still the waves proclaim the dead
With flames, which light him to his bed.

The meteors floating on the stream
The Martyr's funeral torches seem,
And in the brightness of the sky
Shines forth his ardent charity.

Grant us, O God ! who rul'st the sphere,
In doing good to persevere ;
Or, if we sin, may tears efface
Of all our crimes the guilty trace.

At Matins.

In profunda noctis umbra.

IN shadows of the darksome night,
When heavy mists o'erspread the sky,
At God's command a lambent flame
Lights up the firmament on high.

Upon the night when John was born
Bright meteors from Heaven fall,
And on the night when he was drowned
The stars light up his funeral pall.

Hence in his heart an ardent flame
Of charity was kindled then,
And hence his lips became a fount
Of honeyed sweetness to all men.

With chains of love he draws the good
Along salvation's narrow path ;
With wholesome fear he keeps the bad
From scourges of avenging wrath.

With food he cheered the poor man's heart,
The lonely orphan he befriended ;
He would not see the just oppressed,
Their name and fame he still defended.

O Trinity ! by all adored,
For sake of Thy blest Martyr's name,
May love and purity consume
Our hearts with their undying flame.

At Vands.

Vix in sepulcro conditur.

THE body scarce in tomb was laid
When prodigies the Saint betrayed,
The lifeless form those cerements bound
A wonder-working power has found.

His foes o'erpowered with shame now stand,
Brought by the Almighty's just command ;
Attired in weeds of penitence,
They make atonement for their sins.

Here they who suffer grievous loss,
Whom voice of slander doth traduce,
May find the thing that's lost once more,
Regain the name which once they bore.

Here sickness yields to blooming health,
Time lays aside its wonted stealth,
Security no danger knows,
The mortal frame immortal grows.

The Martyr's tongue here lives again,
And speaks with voice, though mute, as plain
As Abel's, which for vengeance cried,
So it the monarch's crime doth chide.

O undivided Trinity,
And unity of Persons Three !
Grant us who honour this great Saint
The grace for which we make our plaint.

At Second Vespers.

Jam facies victor ferat, et minantem.

BRING burning fagots—haste,
Draw the stern weapon ;
Bind him with fetters fast,
See what will happen

If he will not disclose
Secrets most sacred.
Yet still his courage rose
High o'er their hatred.

Nought shakes his constant mind,
Nought makes him quiver ;
Sweet Martyr's death he'll find
In the deep river.

There, from the summit cast,
Waters lap 'round him ;
Wrecked, but his tongue doth last
Ages beyond him.

Lo, where the Martyr sank
Bright flames are glancing,
Lighting the river's bank,
Joyously dancing.

Heaven sends its shining stars
Honour to render
For all his sacred scars,
Beaming with splendour.

Still lives that blessed tongue
Blooming for ever ;
Blooms like a rosebud young,
Die shall it never.

Still while it lives and blooms,
Loudly it preaches ;
Nought more the tongue becomes
Than to be speechless.

Praise be to Father now,
Praise the Son's merit,
And whom They Both endow
With Their blest Spirit.

Now let Their praises ring—
Praises unceasing ;
That tribute which we bring,
May it be pleasing.

ST VENANTIUS.

At Vespers.

Martyr Dei, Venantius.

O MARTYR blest, Venantius,
And Camerino's joy and pride !
We sing thy triumph glorious
O'er swords that slay and tongues that chide.

Thy tender limbs harsh bonds endure,
And stripes, and long imprisonment ;
The lions with long hunger roar,
To appease their hunger thou art sent.

But they forget their wonted rage,
In face of thy sweet innocence;
They lick thy feet, and thus assuage
Their hunger and their cruel sense.

Suspended o'er the blazing pyre,
The reeking fumes thou must inhale,
And though they burn thy sides with fire,
Not for a moment dost thou quail.

To Father and the Son be praise,
And praise to Thee, O Holy Ghost !
O may his prayers Thy servants raise,
To dwell with all the heavenly host.

At Matins.

Athleta Christi nobilis.

A NOBLE champion of our Lord,
Their impious idols he disdains ;
And Love divine makes blunt the sword,
The wound of love absorbs all pains.

With galling thongs his limbs are bound,
And headlong from the steep he's borne ;
Now dragged along the rugged ground,
His face with thorns and briers is torn.

But while they drag him through the brake,
With thirst o'ercome, they fain would rest ;
The Martyr then, their thirst to slake,
Draws water from the rock he blessed.

O valiant warrior and brave !
Who bidst refreshing waters flow
Thy cruel torturers to save,
With streams of grace our hearts endow.

To Father and the Son be praise,
And praise to Thee, O Holy Ghost !
O may his prayers Thy servants raise,
To dwell with all the heavenly host.

At Lauds.

Dum nocte pulsa, Lucifer.

Now when the gloom of night departs,
And Lucifer proclaims the day,
Venantius to our souls imparts
Those beams which never fade away ;

For he has banished from our minds
The darkness which our sins had brought ;
And Camerino's people finds
The light of truth in what he taught.

The waters of baptismal grace
Through him have flowed o'er all the land ;
Now with the Martyrs find a place
The soldiers christened by his hand.

Now from thy throne with Angels blest,
Look down upon our suppliant prayer,
And purge from sin our guilty breast,
And grant our minds thy light to share.

To Father and the Son be praise,
And praise to Thee, O Holy Ghost !
O may his prayers Thy servants raise,
To dwell with all the heavenly host.

ST EMYGDIUS.

At Vespers.

Audiat miras oriens, cadensque.

THE rising and the setting sun
Shall hear thy praise, O Pontiff great !
The noble victory thou hast won,
Emidius, glory of thy state.

O radiant beam of heavenly light !
O wonder-worker, rich in grace !
Whom, to accomplish deeds of might,
The Almighty God is wont to raise.

Though born of heathen parentage,
To grace thou soon art born again :
Leaving thy father's heritage,
Heaven's kingdom thou dost seek to gain.

A soldier then of God Most High,
Fair Italy thou didst invade ;
The word of truth thy lips supply,
And gifts of grace thy works displayed.

A conqueror now, rich with the spoils
Of temples, idols overthrown,
Thou snarest in Faith's saving toils
The souls which Faith had never known.

To Him who reigns through endless years,
All honour, praise, and glory be ;
Who rules the courses of the spheres,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three.



At Matins.

Imperas saxo, latitans repente.

AT thy command the hard rock gave
Its waters from their lurking place,
Wherein thou dost the people lave
With fountains of baptismal grace.

Take from our breasts the rock of sin,
Soften our stony hearts with grace,
That fountains may spring up therein,
And wash away all sinful trace.

The tyrant's rage thou dost not fear,
O Martyr, generous of thy blood !
Thy head dissevered thou dost bear,
To where thy holy altar stood.

Thy throne is now beyond the skies,
Where thou triumphantly dost reign ;
Do thou lead us to Paradise,
That we like glory may obtain.

We pray Thee, Father, and, O Son !
Co-equal Spirit of the Twain—
O hear our prayers, Thou Godhead One,
Who through eternity dost reign.

At Lauds.

Jesu, corona Martyrum.

JESU ! the blessed Martyrs' Crown,
Who after many a combat dire,
Didst call Emidius to a crown,
Where seraphs burn with rapture's fire.

His robe is purpled with his gore,
His hand doth wave the ennobling palm,
The light of glory Thou dost pour
On him, in Heaven's blissful calm.

O wake our slumbering senses soon,
That we such victories may gain ;
And raise us from our deadly swoon,
The crown of virtue to obtain.

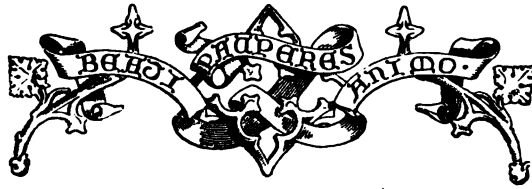
As he restored each languid frame
To health, when they his aid implored ;
So may he free from sinful blame
Our inmost heart to grace restored.

As by the miracles he wrought,
The Pagan altars were destroyed ;
So may his presence bring to nought
Whatever ills we would avoid.

As by his voice he took away
The worship of those impious fanes ;
So may he gain for us who pray,
Celestial joy, which never wanes.

O Jesu ! grant us this request,
Who art the Martyrs' King sublime ;
With Father and the Spirit blest,
Thy reign transcends the bounds of time.





Confessors.¹

Seven blessed Founders of the Order of Servites.

Jam nimis terris, facinus, per omne.

WHEN wickedness triumphed o'er all the wide world,
And lawless transgressions prevailed,
When Providence outraged, its thunderbolts hurled,
And sinners before His Hand quailed ;

Then the Virgin took pity on this troubled Earth,
And her summons from Heaven went forth
To seven noble Princes, illustrious by birth,
Illustrious more by their worth.

¹ For an explanation of the allusions in these hymns see "A short Account of the Origin of the Order of the Servites of Mary, and of the Scapular of the Seven Dolours," published by the Fathers of the Order in London.

She calls them to succour their people's affliction,
Their wounds and their sorrows to cure ;
She calls them to serve under her jurisdiction,
With loving attachment and pure.

She clothes them with weeds of a sorrowful hue,
Their garments her dolours denote,
When her Son on the Cross was transfixed to her view,
One wound from His Head to His Foot.

Once more to her children with loud voice she cried,
To trust in a fond Mother's love ;
She bade them their pledges to bring to her side,
Their filial devotion to prove.

What flames of devotion enkindled their hearts !
O Fathers ! bestow on your sons,
That their hearts may be pierced with those flaming darts
Which burned in your own bosoms once.

O Father eternal ! Redeemer, and Thou,
O Paraclete blest ! we implore,
The grace to love Mary, to weep with her now,
To weep and to love evermore.



ANOTHER HYMN.

Festivis resonent cantica plausibus.

LET joyful canticles resound
In honour of the noble race
Whom Mary to her service bound,
To fill the World with light of grace ;

For they have spurned all earthly bliss,
And climbed the rugged mountain-steep,¹
To cull the myrrh of bitterness
And fragrant incense while they weep.

The Virgin clothes them with her weeds
Of sadness, that they may deplore
Her sorrows, when, as her Son bleeds,
Beneath His Cross she suffered sore.

Their heavenly Mother from her throne
Calls them to be her servants true ;
That they should make her grief their own,
She bids them be immortal too.

For they shall never cease to dwell
Upon the torments of our Lord,
And pains which Simeon did foretell
To Mary by prophetic word.

¹ Cant. iv. 6.

O Lord ! we ask on bended knee
That we may walk in saintly ways—
That we may also come to Thee,
Fill Thou our hearts with equal grace.

At Matins.

Præclara septem lumina.

RESPLENDENT in the Tuscan heaven
Seven stars their rays combine ;
The Virgin Mother bids the seven
O'er all the World to shine.

The lips of babes and sucklings chastened,
Bid them her servants go ;
At Mary's word their steps they hastened
To Mount Senario.

That Mother, full of deep affection,
Their doleful garb bestows,
That they may keep the recollection
Of her unequalled woes.

To Peter Martyr was this knowledge
Revealed by Mary pure,
That they should found a sacred college
For ever to endure.

That they should be her servants ever,
 Should love her holy name—
 Should by their words and acts endeavour
 Her dolours to proclaim.

O noble chieftains ! may we borrow
 Strength to fulfil your part ;
 May love and grief for Mary's sorrow
 Dwell ever in our heart.

And Thou, O God ! with graces ample
 Our sinful hearts endow,
 That we may follow their example,
 Whose feast we honour now.

At Lauds.

Inclyti Patres, Dominæque mundi.

ILLUSTRIOUS Founders, and Servants professed
 Of Mary, your Queen and our own !
 What glorious crowns on your temples now rest,
 What wages your service has won !

Thou canst tell, most illustrious chief of them all,
 Monaldi ! to Mary so dear,
 That she hastened thy soul from its exile to call,
 To dwell in the heavenly sphere.

Thou too, Bonagiunta ! that glory canst tell,
Who keeping Christ's passion in mind,
As the words " Jesus tradidit spiritum " fell
From thy lips in death's slumber reclined.

Sostegni ! and thou, Uguccione ! confess
What glory is yours, who were borne
'Mid choirs of Angels to heavenly bliss,
By Mary, her train to adorn.

May all the wide World with thy praises be filled,
Manetto ! whose cygnet-like song
Mary's praises intoned, as thy soul thou didst yield
To join the angelical throng.

And thou, Amadeo ! thy memory we keep,
Whose fervour of love was confessed
By the fires that gleamed on Senario's height,
As thy soul fled away to its rest.

And now, O Alessio ! thy praises we sing ;
Those praises we know are thine own,
For in thy dying moments sweet Jesus did bring
His garlands thy temples to crown.

All praise to the Father and His Divine Son,
To the Spirit, who came as a Dove ;
O grant us to do what our Fathers have done,
Pay Mary the tribute of love.

ANOTHER HYMN.

Matris sub almæ numine.

By Mary's inspiration led,
A sevenfold offspring comes to light ;
At Mary's call away they sped
To Mount Senario's rugged height.

What fruits of grace the Earth shall bear,
When they have sown their seed divine !
Christ's vine shall bud with clusters rare,
Empurpled with the ruddy wine.

A holy death to Heaven speeds
The souls with virtue's glory crowned ;
When Mary for her servants pleads,
Heaven's blessed portals they have found.

O happy souls who now obtain
The kingdom, and the sceptre bear !
Look down on us who still remain
Where Satan spreads his subtle snare.

Therefore on bended knee we pray,
For sake of Mary's bitter grief,
Chase darkness from our mind away,
And give our troubled hearts relief.

And Thou, O Trinity Divine !
Confirm us in Thy holy grace,
That so we may our hearts incline
To walk in these Thy servants' ways.

ST VINCENT OF PAUL.

At First Vespers.

Qui mutare solet grandibus infima.

HE who is wont the humble to make great,
The Almighty God, surpassing everything,
Raised thee, O Vincent ! from thy lowly state,
To dwell for ever with thy Lord and King.

Though born beneath a humble village cot,
Thy twilight soon shall broaden into day,
And Poverty consoled her arduous lot
By rearing thee to be her future stay.

That thou mightst learn to soothe the captives' pain,
The yoke of slavery thou didst embrace ;
But O, the power of truth, it breaks thy chain,
And makes thy master subject unto grace.

How bright the light which in thy actions shines !
The Spouse of Christ is radiant with thy toil ;
The faithful once again frequent the shrines,
No sordid aims her priestly ranks now soil.

The poor, the rich, the orphan, and the swain,
"Thou art our father," all the people say ;
At each one's call thou dost assuage their pain,
And bringest back to God the souls that stray.

When summoned to the royal council-hall,
Thy prudent judgment was their trusty guide ;
Unchanged by rank, good counsel unto all,
And to the poor, thy kindness, aid supplied.

Unto the Father of the poor be praise ;
Unto the Son, the Health of all who pine ;
The like to Thee, O Spirit ! who dost raise
Within our hearts a glow of love divine.

At Matins.

O qui supernæ gaudia patriæ.

O VINCENT ! who dost drink thy fill of bliss
From copious fountains in those regions blest,
Do not disdain to hear our prayers in this
Sad exile, where we weep and sigh for rest.

Destined to be the Father of the poor,
With poverty thy childhood was acquaint;
Thy Lord bestows on thee a gracious store
Of wealth, which earthly rust can never taint.

Thy early youth did choose to be its bride
Sweet chastity, by a perpetual vow ;
Whilst piety a constant flame supplied,
Which kindled in thy heart love's fervent glow.

The lifelike image of thy Lord thou art,
In speech, in gesture, and in manners too ;
With all the homage of a loving heart,
To Mary thou didst pay devotion true.

In fetters bound, thy master thou didst free
From chains of Hell ; when home thou didst repair,
How many owed deliverance to thee
From yoke of sin, the yoke of Christ to bear !

And while the sweetness of thy voice restrains
The sterner utterance of a mind severe,
All hearts submit, rejoicing in the chains
With which thy speech enthrals the willing ear.

To be unknown thy works will not permit,
The Council calls thy wisdom to its aid ;
The web of policy thou dost unknit,
And by thy wisdom wholesome laws are made.

With learning drawn from truth's most holy wells,
All lurking heresies thou didst confound ;
The buckler of thy constant faith repels
The thousand arts of novelties unsound.

To Father and the Son eternal praise,
And equal glory, Spirit, be to Thee ;
Honour to God, who strengthens by His grace
All those whom He has called His Saints to be.

At Lauds.

Ut nunc ab alto prævia.

THY light from Heaven shining clear,
O Vincent ! greets our eyes ;
The path which thou didst tread is now
Our way unto the skies.

The chastity which Jesus loves
Beams in thy virgin face,
Each virtue with another vies
Thy modest soul to grace.

Hence thy humility profound,
Thyself thou didst abase ;
Hence, too, the sweetness of thy mien,
And candour of thy ways.

Pre-eminent above them all
Thy charity still glows ;
How many souls to Christ it leads !
What ample alms bestows !

With burning zeal thou spread'st abroad
The truths of faith divine
In rural homes ; yet, none the less,
The noble, too, are thine.

Thy simple faith the subtle wiles
Of error doth defeat ;
Licentious vice before thee fled,
Nor dared thine eye to meet.

Thy work to share, a faithful few
Under thy wings abide ;
By words and deeds thou leadest them,
Their master and their guide.

Praise and eternal glory sing
To God, both One and Three,
Who gives Himself as the reward
Of fervent charity.



At Second Vespers.

Quis novus, cælis, agitur triumphus.

TELL us now, ye Angel-choirs,
What new triumph do you keep ;
Let our voices join with yours,
Let our hearts exulting leap :
See the Father of the poor,
Light of Priests, to Heaven soar.

Vincent, thy own deeds are now
Gems which glisten in thy crown,
And that crown upon thy brow
By thy charity was won—
Robes of glory mantle thee,
Woven by humility.

Truth which thou didst once make known
Unto rude uncultured swains,
Gives herself to be thine own.
Now thy soul all knowledge gains ;
What thy right hand has bestowed
On the poor, is lent to God.

Thee the sacerdotal band
For its master still doth own ;
Christ's good odour through the land
They diffuse through thee alone ;

Now Christ's vineyard increase gains,
Cultured by thy careful pains.

O, but what a glorious crown
Shines resplendent on thy brow !
Virgins chaste thy praise intone,
With their sister matrons now,
Who, by thy example moved,
Served the poor, whom thou hast loved. '

Thou who didst for love assist
Every soul with grief oppressed,
To our humble prayers now list.
Thou our patron art confessed ;
All the poor, with one acclaim,
Call thee by a father's name.

Sovereign honour ever be
To the Father, God Most High ;
Equal glory, Son, to Thee,
Who dost comfort all who sigh ;
Holy Spirit, equal praise
Be to Thee through endless days.



*ST JOHN CANTIUS.**At First Vespers and Lauds.**Gentis Polonæ gloria.*

O GLORY of the Polish race,
Pride of the sacerdotal band,
Of academic halls the grace,
And father of thy fatherland !

Expounder of the law divine,
Thy life approves what thou dost teach ;
Knowledge is nought till we incline
Our will to do what tongue doth preach.

A pilgrim to the Apostle's shrine
Thy pious footsteps thou dost bend ;
So guide our steps to bliss divine,
The home whereunto we do tend.

That holy ground thy feet have trod,
Those blessed footprints thou didst trace ;
All-hallowed by the Blood of God,
Thy tears bedewed each sacred place.

O wounds of Christ ! O bitter woe !
O teach our hearts to rue that pain !
May we nought else but Jesus know,
And thus redemption's boon obtain.

May Nature's universal frame
Prostrate adore Thee, Source of grace !
May we, by grace renewed, acclaim
Thy Godhead with new songs of praise.

At Matins.

Corpus domas jejuniis.

LONG fasting hath thy body tamed,
With many cruel stripes it bleeds,
Though innocence exemption claimed
For thee from penitential deeds.

Then let us follow in the path
Of John, our Father and our guide ;
Who follows him, his spirit hath
The power to curb all carnal pride.

In winter's frost thy loving care
Provides a garment for the poor ;
For those who want thou dost prepare
Of meat and drink a copious store.

O thou who never didst deny
Thine aid unto the suppliant's prayer !
Hear Christendom's and Poland's cry,
And save thy country from despair.

To Father and the Son be praise,
And, Holy Spirit, praise to Thee ;
May Cantius' prayers obtain us grace
And glory through eternity.

At Second Vespers.

Te, deprecante, corporum.

THY prayers had power to stay the course
Of plagues and pestilential airs ;
Sickness departs—once more the source
Of health its wonted blessings bears.

Consumption, fever, cankered sore,
Which bring the body to decay,
Obey thy mandate, and restore
Whom Death has singled for his prey.

Thy prayers invoke God's mighty power
To bid the ocean yield again
The treasures which the waves devour ;
They float upon the heaving main.

When such thy power, with pitying eyes
Behold us from thy heavenly throne ;
Deign to regard thy suppliants' cries,
Help those who thy protection own.

O Trinity, in Godhead One !
O Unity, in Persons Three !
May Cantius' prayers obtain the crown
Of bliss for us who worship Thee.





Virgins.

— 3 —
ST JULIANA.

At Vespers and Matins.

Cælestis Agni nuptias.

WHILST Juliana seeks a heavenly Spouse,
The Lamb of God her sole desire,
She leaves the comforts of her father's house,
And leads to God a virgin-choir.

Both night and day she groans her Spouse to see
Upon the Cross with woe oppressed ;
Her heart with is His nailed unto the tree,
And bears His Image there impressed.

Nay, more than this ; a sevenfold wound she shows,
With weeping eyes, at Mary's knees :
The more she weeps, the more her love still grows,
Whose ardent flames those tears increase.

Her feeble body, at the hour of death,
Is nourished in no common mode ;
For God Himself sustains her parting breath,
Himself supplies the angelic food.

Eternal God, Creator ever blest,
Thou too, His own co-equal Son,
And Spirit, equal to Them both confessed—
Glory to Thee, O God ! alone.

S T T E R E S A.

At Vespers and Lauds.

Regis superni nuntia.

THE herald of the mighty King,
Teresa leaves her father's house ;
To barbarous lands she longs to bring
The faith, or die for her sweet Spouse.

But sweeter death doth thee await,
More tender anguish shall be thine ;
To die of love is thy sweet fate,
With amorous sighs thy heart shall pine.

O victim of seraphic fire !
Consume our hearts with love's bright flame ;
And deign to save from vengeful ire
All those who thy protection claim.

Praise to the Father, with the Son ;
Praise to the Spirit, Paraclete ;
Praise Persons Three, in Godhead One,
Now and through ages infinite.

At Matins.

Hæc est dies qua, candidæ.

THIS is the day when, like a dove,
A spotless dove in heavenward flight,
Teresa soared to realms above,
To dwell in beatific light.

She hears the accents of her Spouse,
"My sister, come from Carmel's height,
The Lamb with thee would plight His vows ;
Come, wear a crown of dazzling light."

O Spouse of Virgins ! Jesu blest !
May choirs of Angels Thee adore
With nuptial lays which never rest,
Thy praises singing evermore.





Holy Women.

—o—

ST ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL.

At Vespers and Matins.

Domare cordis impetus Elizabeth.

THE passions to subdue
Elizabeth well knew,
God's service to an earthly kingdom she prefers.
Now on a heavenly throne,
She wears a glorious crown,
And rules a realm of bliss built on the shining stars.

Now is she truly Queen,
Greater than she had been,
Her sceptre points the way to kingdoms truly blest.
Praise to the Father be ;
Glory, O Son ! to Thee ;
Eternal praise to Thee, O Spirit ! God confessed.

At Lauds.

Opes decusque regium reliqueras.

ELIZABETH, thy regal wealth and fame
Thou didst abandon for thy Lord's sweet sake ;
Now Angel-choirs thy blessedness proclaim,
Let not the foe thy children overtake.

Be thou our guide in life till we have found
Eternal life : let all one mind approve ;
May every act sweet fragrance breathe around,
As when the roses hid thy deeds of love.

O blessed Charity ! which can bestow
A never-fading crown in heavenly spheres ;
To Father and the Son be glory now,
And to the Spirit through eternal years.

ST MARY MAGDALEN.

At Vespers.

Pater superni Luminis.

O FATHER of resplendent light !
When Mary met Thy tender Eyes,
The flames of love Thou didst excite,
Her icy breast dissolves in sighs.

Love will not let her tarry there,
To anoint Thy Feet she runs apace ;
She wipes them with her flowing hair,
Tear-washed and clasped in fond embrace.

Beneath Thy Cross she fearless stands,
She cannot leave Thy silent tomb ;
She fears no ruffian soldier-bands—
Where love doth reign, fear finds no room.

O Christ ! substantial Love Divine,
Wash Thou our many sins away ;
Bestow on us that grace of Thine,
Grant us the bliss for which we pray.

To Father and the Son we bow ;
And, Holy Ghost, we Thee adore :
As it hath been, so be it now,
Glory to God for evermore.

At Matins.

Maria, castis osculis.

SEE Mary kiss with chaste embrace
The Feet of God, washed by her tears ;
Whereof her hair doth wipe each trace—
Her spikenard then its tribute bears.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Summi Parentis Unice.

O SON of God ! supreme o'er all,
Look down on us with pitying eye ;
Who didst repentant Mary call
Unto a throne beyond the sky.

The missing groat at length is found,
And now replaced in kingly vase ;
The sordid gem now sheds around
More splendour than the shining stars.

Jesus, the Healer of our woes,
The only Hope of those who grieve,
May Mary's tears Thy Heart dispose
Repentant sinners to relieve.

Mother of Jesus, Mary mild,
Give Eva's weeping children rest,
Tossed on life's thousand billows wild,
And bring them to the haven blest.

Glory unto the Godhead One
For all His graces manifold,
Whereby our sins He doth condone,
And grants us joys of Heaven untold.

ST CATHARINE OF GENOA.

At Vespers.

Summis ad astra laudibus.

LET us extol with highest praise
Saint Catharine, Liguria's pride,
Whose saintly glory spreads its rays
O'er all the land, both far and wide.

The charity within her heart
Could not be kept within that bound ;
It yearned its treasures to impart ;
In every word and act 'twas found.

Throughout the circle of the year,
Long months from food she would abstain ;
The bread of Angels was her fare,
In which her life new strength doth gain.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Matins.

Dum mente Christum concipit.

IN holy contemplation, then,
She thinks of Christ, and how He yearned
To shed His Blood for love of men—
With inward rapture then she burned.

Thus, wounded with the dart of love,
All earthly things she doth disdain ;
No troubles can her spirit move,
To suffer is her only gain.

The rebel motions of the sense
With frequent scourgings she doth chide,
And often shares, in recompense,
The sorrows of the Crucified.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

At Lauds.

Turbam jacentem pauperum.

THE pious matron tends with care
The poor whose anguish meets her eyes ;
Christ, in His members, suffers there,
And Christ in them for pity cries.

Her wealth, her aid, on them she pours:
Each menial service she would pay ;
She smooths their couch, and e'en endures
To wash their loathsome stains away.

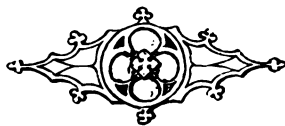
The more their sickness loathsome proves,
The greater care her love bestows ;
The putrid sore no horror moves,
For charity no horror knows.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the Father's only Son ;
Glory, O Paraclete ! to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.





Hymns from the Missal.





Hymns from the Missal.



Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas.

I ADORE Thee devoutly, O Godhead concealed !
Thy Body and Blood 'neath these elements veiled ;
My heart unto Thee its submission doth pay,
Which, when it beholds Thee, doth languish away.

The sight, and the touch, and the taste are deceived—
By the hearing alone can the truth be conceived ;
I believe what He said, Who is Wisdom adored—
What word is more truthful than God's spoken word ?

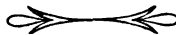
On the Cross Thy Divinity only was hid,
To see Thy Humanity here is forbid ;
But both I believe, and confess on my knee
With the thief, and I ask what he asked of Thee.

I do not, like Thomas, Thy five wounds behold,
Yet Thee for my Lord and my God do I hold ;
May my faith in Thy presence grow greater each day,
May I hope in Thee more, may I love Thee always.

O blessed Remembrance of Christ's bitter death !
Living Bread giving life to the soul, as He saith ;
O may my soul live with the life thou dost give,
And relish thy sweetness as long as I live.

O Jesus ! true Pelican giving us food,
Make pure my uncleanness with Thy precious Blood ;
One drop of that Blood of itself can suffice
Of all the World's ransom to pay the great price.

O Jesus ! whose Features now veiled I discern,
O may that come quickly for which I so yearn ;
That my eyes may behold Thee unveiled in Thy glory,
O grant me this vision of bliss, I implore Thee.



Procession on Palm Sunday.

Gloria, laus, et honor Tibi sit, Rex, Christe Redemptor.

Praise, glory, and honour, Redeemer, to Thee ;
Hosanna ! the children cry out in their glee.

THEE, King over Israel, our anthems proclaim,
And Seion of David's imperial line,
Thou comest to see us in God's holy Name,
O King ever-blessed ! O Monarch divine !
Praise, glory, &c.

The choirs of the blessed immersed in Thy joys,
Make Heaven resound with their hymns and their
lays,
Whilst we on the Earth raise our jubilant voice,
And all things created re-echo Thy praise.
Praise, glory, &c.

The people of Juda come forth with their palms,
They come to escort Thee in triumph along,
With prayers and with vows and melodious psalms—
Behold, we now greet Thee with rapturous song.
Praise, glory, &c.

They, for the torments which Thou shouldst sustain,
Praised Thee with canticles meet for Thy tomb ;
We, for the glory in which Thou dost reign,
Crown Thee with laurels which ever shall bloom.
Praise, glory, &c.

While their simple homage was pleasing to Thee,
O deign to accept our devotion this day ;
Show Thy goodness, O King ! show Thy sweet clem-
ency,
Who lovest all goodness, and lovest always.
Praise, glory, &c.

Easter.

Victimæ Paschali, laudes immolent Christiani.

CHRISTIANS, come and lift your voices,
Praise our Paschal Victim now ;
See the Lamb the sheep redeemeth—
He Who sin did never know,
To His Father reconciled
Those whom sin had once defiled.

Death and life have fought together ;
What a wondrous fight it was !
He Who was life's chosen leader
Through the gates of death did pass ;
Now He lives and reigns for ever,
Nothing shall His kingdom sever.

Tell us now, O gentle Mary !
What didst see upon the way.
O, I saw Christ's sepulchre ;
Christ, Who liveth on this day—
I saw Him in His glory risen
From His dark and lonely prison.

Angels saw I for my witness,
And the cloth which bound His Head ;
His death-garments lay before me :
Christ, my hope, is risen indeed ;
Now He's gone to Galilee,
There you shall your Master see.

Now we know that Christ is risen,
Risen from the dead indeed.
Thou, O King and mighty Conqueror !
Pity those who pity need.
Christ is risen, Alleluia !
As He told us, Alleluia !

Pentecost.*Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*

O HOLY SPIRIT ! deign to come,
And send from its celestial home
One ray of Thy most blessed light ;
O come, Thou Father of the poor !
Thou Who dost give of Thy great store
To every heart most pure delight.

Of Comforters Thou art the best,
Thou art the soul's most welcome Guest,
Our sweet refreshment day by day.
In labour Thou dost rest bestow,
And shelter from the beams that glow,
And all our tears dost wipe away.

O Light most blessed ! deign to shine
Upon our hearts, for they are Thine,
And fill our inmost parts with grace ;
For where Thy Spirit doth not rest,
The soul of man is never blest—
Nothing but evil finds a place.

Wash all our sinful stains away,
Bedew our hearts with heavenly spray,
Bring healing to our wounded soul ;
Bend Thou our wills to do Thy will,
And cherish that which once was chill—
Direct our steps towards the goal.

O grant to us who trust in Thee,
Thy faithful people, soon to see
Thy sacred sevenfold gift of grace ;
Grant us in virtue to increase,
Grant us to close our eyes in peace,
And see Thy glory face to face.

Corpus Christi.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

SION, praise thy Saviour King,
Praise unto thy Shepherd sing ;
Let thy canticles resound,
Let thy voice its accents raise ;
For He is beyond all praise—
All too weak thy praise is found.

O what wondrous theme to sing,
Living Bread which life doth bring,
On this day by us adored !
At the supper-table seated,
To the Twelve Himself He meted—
Who shall doubt His truthful word ?

Let your praise be full and sounding,
Let your joy be all-abounding,
Let your hearts with gladness leap ;
On this day the table spread
First bestowed that mystic Bread
Whose solemnity we keep.

At this table of the King
Our new Pasch an end doth bring
To ancient types, which now decay ;
Ancient rites to new give place,
Shadows fly before Truth's face,
Twilight broadens into day.

What Christ at His Supper did,
That He His Apostles bid
Do for His commemoration ;
Taught by what those records state,
Bread and wine we consecrate
Into Christ for our salvation.

Christian faith His Flesh receives,
What the sense but bread perceives ;
And the wine becomes His Blood.
What if sense and sight do fail ?
Steadfast faith will still prevail,
Proving that not understood.

Under diverse forms which stay,
Signs of things now passed away,
Precious things unseen recline ;
They His Flesh and Blood betoken,
Christ abideth still unbroken
Under each divided sign.

When received, He is still abiding ;
Neither mangling nor dividing,
Men receive what He assumed ;
Thousands share what each one shares,
Yet his lot is good as theirs ;
When received He is not consumed.

Good and bad alike consume,
Yet how different their doom !
Those are saved, while these are lost—
Death to these, and life to those ;
O what different end doth close
Their partaking of the Host !

When the Host you shall divide,
Let this faith in you abide,
Every single part doth hide
All that in the whole remains.
While the substance is unbroken,
All that changes is the token ;
Alteration is not spoken
Of the thing the sign contains.

Hail, angelic holy Leaven !
Cheering mortals on to Heaven ;
True Bread for the children given,
Sinners may not touch that Bread.
Ancient types are now fulfilled,
Isaac doomed his life to yield,
Paschal Lamb for sinners killed,
Manna which our fathers fed.

O good Shepherd, and true Bread !
On our hearts Thy pity shed ;
May the souls which Thou hast led,
And with Thy own Body fed,
Share eternal happiness.
All things own Thy mighty sway,
Giving food to them each day ;
Grant that we may with Thee stay,
Sup with Thee, and reign alway
With the Saints in heavenly bliss.



Requiem.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

O THE day, that day of anguish,
Long foretold, when fire shall vanquish
All that in the World doth languish !

O what trembling will befall us,
When the Judge shall come to call us !—
How His judgments will appal us !

When they hear the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres rebounding,
See the dead His throne surrounding.

Death and nature stand confounded,
Seeing man, of clay compounded,
Rise to hear his doom propounded.

Hear the Angel now ordaining
To ope the doom-book all containing,
And the guilty World arraigning.

When the Judge shall hold His session,
Secret guilt shall make confession—
Nothing shall escape His vision.

What shall be my pleading tearful ?
Where shall I get counsel cheerful,
When the just almost are fearful ?

King of Angels' adoration !
Saving all by Thine own Passion,
Save me, Fount of sweet compassion !

Jesus, think, I now implore Thee,
That for my sake Mary bore Thee—
Pity me who stand before Thee.

Tired with seeking me, Thou'rt seated ;
The Cross my ransom dear completed :
Shall those pains be all defeated ?

O just Judge of retribution !
Grant us Thy sweet absolution
Ere the day of execution.

Thou to Mary gavest remission,
And didst hear the thief's petition—
Hope shall also cheer my vision.

While my guilty heart is groaning,
And my brow its shame is owning,
Jesus, grant Thy grace atoning.

Though my prayers deserve Thy spurning,
Yet Thine Eyes of pity turning,
Save me from eternal burning.

Place me where Thy sheep adore Thee
(Not with goats who fly before Thee),
On the Right Hand of Thy glory.

When Thy heavy malediction
Smites the damned with Hell's affliction,
Call me to Thy benediction.

On the ground I cry with sorrow,
While my heart is broken thorough,
Save me on life's fatal morrow.

O that day of lamentation,
When from his dark habitation
Man shall rise to hear his sentence !
Spare him, Lord, on his repentance ;
Jesus, sweetest Lord, be kind ;
May the dead Thy mercy find.







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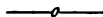
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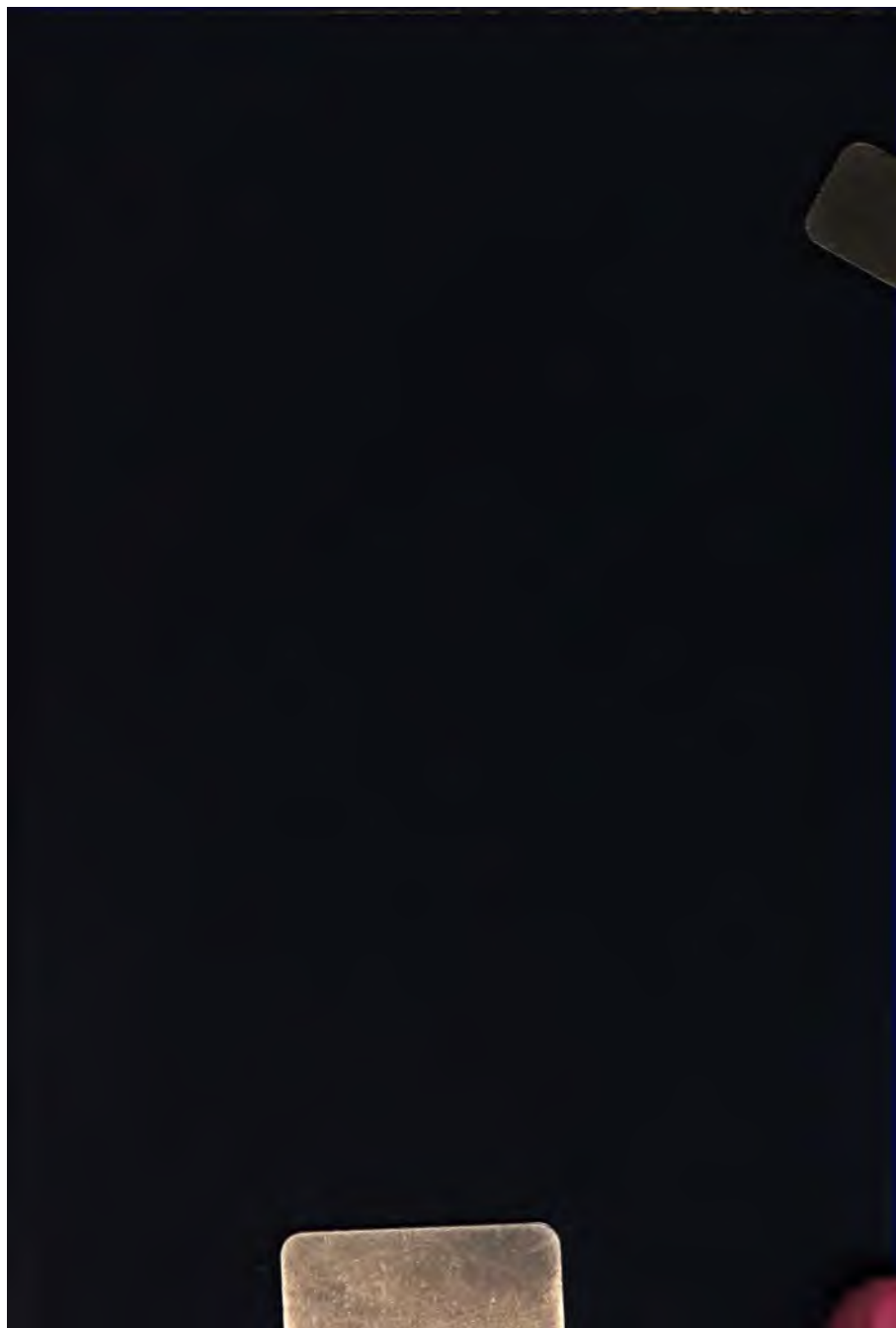
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